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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Politics for Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, though many have congratulated, has been attacked editorially and by letter for publishing Christopher Morley's study of the President's reading tastes, and will perhaps be censured by gentry of another political persuasion for the study of Mr. Roosevelt's intellectual complexion in this issue, and the self-portrait of Mr. Thomas which we hope will follow. Mr. Morley's article was characterized as "political," and charged with being out of place in *The Saturday Review*.

But what a pass have we come to if a literary journal can express no interest in the mental furniture of our leaders, present or prospective, especially when it is the books they read that is in question! And after all, what index as to probable action, probable thinking, probable opinion, probable feeling is more valuable than the books a man or woman reads by choice? If an individual reads no books, that itself is indicative, but not conclusive, even if he is an educated man. No reading, it may be argued, is better than besotted reading, especially for a man of action. But men of action who could read and did not, are rare in history—certainly if one should tell off hurriedly a list of the great ones—Napoleon, Washington, Frederick, Jefferson, Lorenzo Medici, Cæsar, Louis XIV, Theodore Roosevelt—their reading lists would be impressive. And what books a responsible leader chooses to dip in—whether for idea and fact, or for the enriching of his imagination, or for pure relaxing and relief—is a theme that a diagnostician of intellectual character should find of the greatest interest.

There is, indeed, in the literary, the academic, and the scientific world (as Ortega has recently asserted) a dangerous specialism, which amounts to resentment against all stretching of interest to cover the rounded activities of mankind. The scientist or philosopher who becomes political is damned by his confrères—what would the Greeks have said to such a prejudice? The literary journal interested in the literature upon which the executive or political mind desires to feed, is straying into pastures not its own. But this is nonsense. Granted that no triumph

(*Continued on page* 172)

The Dead Bittern

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

ON the beach the waves cast at my feet
A bittern with its eyes surprised and wide,
Careless of its symphony of wings
It lay the plaything of the senseless tide.

A jeweller had bent exquisitely
The convex mirror of its irised eye,
A poet had designed the woven air
Of the feathers shaped to move on sky.

Tremendous pains had been expended here
And delicate as those spent on the frost,
A body made as fragile as a soul,
And all the workmanship was vain and lost.

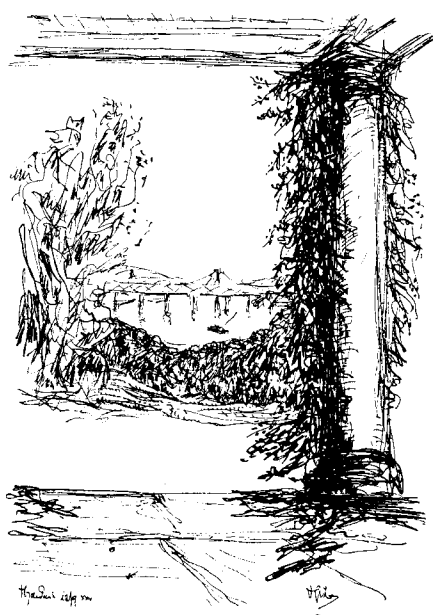
Still the Maker rich and prodigal
Weaves the suns and cobwebs from his mind
And lets the wind and waste bear them away
Like one who cuts fine diamonds for the blind.

What Governor Roosevelt Reads

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

MEGGIE opened one eye. She opened it with the wisdom and the experience of a very old dog.

"Stranger," she said, "I don't know you but I trust you. Fat people are always so kind hearted. Now listen to me, stranger. There was a time when I was a happy dog. 'A jug of water, a bone, and thou beside me. . . .' You remember these lines? They were written long ago by a Pomeranian or a Dachshund or a Borzoi. I forget which. But the dog who wrote those lines knew what was what. 'A jug of water, a bone, and thou. . . .' There was a time when I had all of these. Yes, I still have them. But not quite as in the olden days. A great change has come over this house. People come and people go. Men and women and more men and women and still more men and women. They all of them talk. They all of them seem to be terribly occupied. The Master is here and there and everywhere. I used to lie by his side. I used to go out on the porch with him and I used to chase the sparrows while he read. Now when he is home he has a thousand things to do. That pesky little telephone in the corner rings morning, noon, and night. I hardly dare go out on the driveway for fear of all the cars. The other day I wanted to go and speak to cook about something or other and there was a newspaper man in the kitchen who wanted to know what the Master ate. And when he saw me, he wanted to take my picture. The idea! Me, an old and respectable married schnauzer. I wanted to go down to the woods, and right in the middle of the field there was a woman who wanted to know whether the Master ever used profanity. And she too wanted to take my picture. I wanted to go to the stables to se an old friend and there was a newspaper man who wanted to know what kind of neckties the Master wore. Suggested that I go into the house and steal one for him and could he please take my picture! I hardly dare leave the front door.



WHY LEAVE ALL THIS?

"But inside, it is just as bad. I am forever underfoot. Then they say, 'Sorry, you poor old pup, but we are very busy,' and they rush off and others rush in, and now I hear the Master wants to lease this lovely place and go and live in some other house in another city where I won't know a soul and I ask you—listen, stranger, I ask you—what in the name of commonsense is the use? After all, 'a jug of water, a bone, and thou. . . .' What more do you want, you foolish human beings?"

I don't know who built the house in which the Roosevelts live. It is one of those houses that built itself. It stands on a hill overlooking a bend in the Hudson River. In the distance there are two bridges. A railroad bridge and a passenger bridge, judging by their appearance. I don't know what cities they connect. I thought of asking but there was no one to tell me. Reporting, even the so-called high-class variety, is always a little bit like housebreaking and I like to do my second-story work alone. Nor can I tell you much about the trees that surround the house. That is one of the troubles of learning a language when you are well past childhood. You absorb the names of trees and shrubs and flowers and fishes and beetles when you are very young and when they are part of your daily background. But at twenty, in the heart of a big city, they all become just "trees" or "birds" or "fishes." So take my word for it that the house is entirely surrounded by trees. Most of them, at a none too professional guess, must be the great-great-grandchildren of the trees that stood here when they were "eiken en beuken" instead of "oaks and birches" and when a strange craft, flying a strange flag, was carefully navigating these narrow curves, still hoping against hope that this might be the last mountain range to separate it from that mysterious and ardently desired sea of the Far West.

As for the interior of the house, there, too, I cannot speak in dates or schools or architectural periods, for a "house" that

THERE ARE BOOKS EVERYWHERE

has grown out of the natural necessities of life—parents and children and cousins and nephews and friends and grandchildren—is something which will forever refuse to let itself be classified. That is perhaps the reason why Fontainebleau is so delightful and why Versailles is so terrible. I am no great lover of Napoleon. But in that one respect at least he showed himself possessed of certain elementary human qualities. He loved Fontainebleau but hated Versailles.

I realize that so far I have been pretty vague. I am sorry but I shall have to disappoint you again in other matters of decorative detail. Just twice in my life have I dined in a house where the soup and the fish and the rest of the meal were served on gold plate. I remember those occasions because in both cases the soup was cold and the company was too busy trying to figure out what all this crockery

THE LIBRARY IS ALSO THE WORKSHOP

might have cost, to pay much attention to the general trend of conversation.

Now I am quite sure that the candidate for presidential honors of the Democratic party and his family and his friends eat from dishes and drink from glasses and avail themselves of the convenient assistance of knives and forks and spoons in stilling their hunger. But for the life of me I could not tell you whether the dishes came out of the ten cent store or had been carried to these shores by a spe-

This Week

"THE NATION AT WAR."
Reviewed by ROBERT C. ALBION.
"MORE MERRY-GO-ROUND."
Reviewed by WILLIAM E. SHEA.
"TIGER MAN."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.
"EAST OF EDEN."
Reviewed by CARL VAN DOREN.
"THE PAST RECAPTURED."
Reviewed by R. N. LINSCOTT.
"ROYAL FLUSH."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.
"AUTHORS AND THE BOOK TRADE."
Reviewed by BARRY BENEFIELD.
205 WORDS.
By DON MARQUIS.
HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"DARLING OF MISFORTUNE."
Reviewed by JOHN RANKEN TOWSE.

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cial frigate of the late Emperor Napoleon III. And the same goes for the forks and spoons and even for the furniture. All these things seem to be taken for granted. Now that I come to think of it, they have apparently been taken for granted for a great many years, for a great many generations. That is to say, they are completely subordinate to the ultimate purpose for which they have been created—to allow a small or large group of congenial people to go through life with a minimum of friction so that they shall have all the more leisure for the really important problems of civilized existence.

There is, however, one aspect of this house which is a very definite one. It is a masculine house. No, I do not mean this in the usual sense of the word as connected with country estates. There are no guns with which to kill the neighbors who happen to walk on four legs or who are unfortunately possessed of wings and feathers. Nor is there an abundance of riding crops and those other familiar paraphernalia which are usually associated with a breezy and virile existence. The Master of this house gave them up a good

ilous obstacle than the greatest cross-country rider that ever dug his spurs into the sides of a horse. But the deft fingers of the plausible interior decorator have never reached beyond the low stone wall that separates the garden from the highway; and Spain and Italy and the Rue de Rivoli have not contributed their inevitable quota of useless flimflam and finery. This happens to be a house that stands in a country called the United States of America and, for better or worse, the country called the United States of America has left its imprint upon the walls of this house. The pictures were not bought for the occasion nor upon an occasion. Any one who has ever collected this sort of bric-à-brac knows at a glance that thousands of catalogues must have been carefully studied before this rare assortment found its way to the Hyde Park post-office. There are a great many naval pictures. The war of 1812 is a heavy contributor. The Revolution was the result of careful foot-work. But the war of 1812 was fought out on the high seas. And there was so little glory on land that the contemporary artists and patriots were forced to specialize in aquatic combats. All of them are here, together with most of the engagements of the Civil War. And where the pictures leave off, the books begin.

Books! I know it, I was supposed to have written about Franklin Roosevelt and his books and here I have been wasting your time telling you about his house and his dogs and his china and his trees and his spoons and the view from his front porch. I am sorry, but without these apparently insignificant details, it would have been quite impossible to make you see the man himself, and unless you know a person from a variety of angles, what use to hear the names of the volumes in his library? "Tell me what a man reads and I will tell you who he is," belongs to that category of wise old sayings which are not so very wise, once they have been submitted to the acid test of experience. For there have been a great many men and women who read sublimely but who lived vilely, and vice versa. But "tell me how a man reads and I will tell you who he is" comes much closer to the heart of the subject. For books in and by themselves are of secondary importance. But the manner in which they are handled and treated and the role they play in the actual every-day life of their owner, these will give you a key to his character infinitely more reliable than a mere enumeration of the classics, neo-classics and miscellaneous which happen to be found on the shelves of his library and many of which he may have inherited from his grandfather and may have kept merely out of a sense of piety.

There are of course two sorts of readers. There are those to whom a book is something extraneous—something apart from themselves—a means to an end, whether that end be the acquisition of certain specific bits of information or a pleasurable way of escaping from an otherwise boresome reality.

And there are those to whom reading is also a mode of living—who treat their books as if they were part of themselves—inanimate housemates with an animate soul.

Franklin Roosevelt belongs to the latter category. And it is therefore much easier to say what he does not read than to say what he reads.

Very well, then, and to be specific in these rather unspecific matters, Franklin Roosevelt does not read fiction, or reads so little fiction that it is almost negligible. On this literary pilgrimage I had asked to be allowed to go it alone. No "prearranged tour" of the well known Moscovite variety. Meggie and I, during the morning hours, were the only people in the house for all I know, and Meggie, as I told you, preferred to remain asleep. I went in quest of the obligatory novels and found none. No, that is not quite true. Here and there I came upon the current and pre-current best sellers of today and being somewhat out of place. I could almost hear their former owners say, "Oh, we just had the loveliest week-end of our lives, and by the way, if you have not read this one, we thought we would leave it for you. It is really very interesting."

I mentioned this matter to Mrs. Roosevelt and she said, "Not all of them came that way. Occasionally we buy a book of that sort. But to tell you the truth, Franklin is not really interested in them. I or somebody else tells him of a novel that is good and he picks it up, but he never seems to be able to finish it to the end. Before he is half way through, he has gone back to his history or his biography. Sometimes on a Sunday evening when all the children are at home, I have suggested that we read something aloud, but if I ask Franklin, he usually goes back to Kipling —or one of the short stories he remembers from the days he was in college. It is funny, for he reads all the time. But novels mean nothing to him. And the same holds true for poetry. For most poetry. He is perfectly willing to listen to poetry. He does not in the least mind. Neither does he mind listening to a short story or for that matter, to a detective story, if some one insists upon reading a detective story. But they mean very little to him. And if tomorrow there came an end to all fiction writing, he would never know the difference. As long as he can have all the history and biography that is being printed, he will be perfectly contented. It is curious and I have often wondered why he is that way."

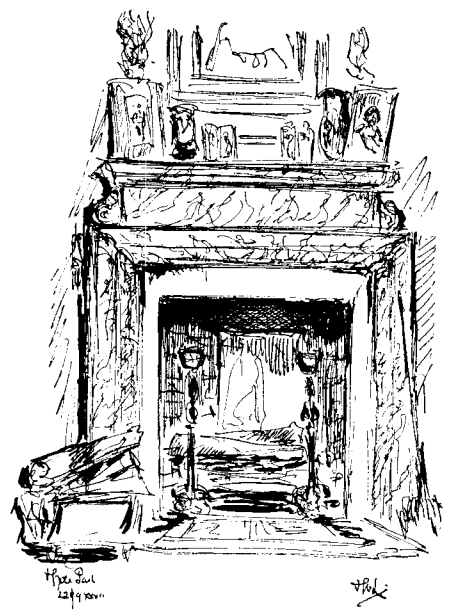
I felt that I could perhaps make a suggestion and offer a solution. But I could not make it in that particular room. Truth, however, bids me confess that I have rarely met either a man or woman who had passed through a great physical or emotional ordeal who was able to derive any pleasure from pure fiction. They had faced reality and they had faced reality with such a vengeance that imaginary tales were bound to sound stale to them no matter how cleverly conceived. After all, I don't suppose that Amelia Earhart

AMERICA LIVES ON THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE

or Charles Augustus Lindbergh get a great kick out of reading the yarns in a popular magazine devoted to the cult of the aeroplane. But even among the scientists I have discovered a rather universal indifference about fictional matter.

There are two questions with which I am apt to plague the few really great men and women whom I know well enough to submit to that sort of rather childish inquisitioning. One is, what sort of fiction they read, and the other is, whether if given the chance they would care to live their lives over again. Never mind the answers to the second one of these inquiries. They would only dishearten the reader and just now we need a lot of spiritual sunshine and light. But all of them seem to have reached the same conclusion about fiction as Roosevelt. "Yes, we read a novel now and then. If it is very good and if some one asks us to read it. And once in a while we read it way down to the end. For example, now let us see. . . ." But in nine cases out of ten, they have forgotten. Their own lives have been so full of adventure and experience that they have never felt the necessity of filling any possible voids with the second-hand emotions of the novelist.

which the victor was forced to exert himself almost beyond human endurance. When a man has been face to face with the greatest of all disasters. . . . Finish that sentence for yourself and you will understand why novels play so small a part in the life of Franklin Roosevelt.



TWO ENORMOUS FIREPLACES WITH A CRACKLING OBBLIGATO TO LEISURELY READING

How about other current literary events, the books listed on the best-seller lists as "non-fiction"?

Remember that this is not a house with a library, but a library that is also a house. There are books everywhere. Books and flowers and photographs on big tables and small tables. And books and flowers and photographs on the window-sills. And books and still more books along the walls of the corridor that connects the main part of what must have been the old house with the new. And remember that I am trying to make you see a particular man who may play a very important role in our own existence as reflected in his literary and artistic and emotional life and that I did not go to Hyde Park to write a Catalogue of Books of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Esq.

Well, on all those tables, on all those large and small tables and window-sills and desks and chairs you will find pretty nearly everything that you will find in the department devoted to non-fiction in one of our regular bookshops or one of the larger department stores. My own guess would be that some particular bookstore has a standing order to send the Governor everything of any importance that comes along in the line of economics and sociology and what one might call "the current problems of the day." The English iconoclasts of the Huxley and Haldane school are all of them there. And our social diagnosticians and economic planners of the Stuart Chase and Walter Lippmann variety are sprinkled all over the place from basement to bedroom.

The older Prophets of Doom who followed in the wise footsteps of Maynard Keynes stand a little higher on the shelves. Indeed that vast literature that has grown up among the ruins of the old order of society seemed so abundantly represented that I felt once more obliged to go directly to a member of the family to get my bearings. For being Governor of New York State is after all no sinecure. And books of this sort take time, and then I discovered that Franklin Roosevelt belongs to that fortunate class of human beings whom I would like to designate as "book absorbers." I know the type well, for I am one myself. And I am constantly in trouble with scoffers who object, "But listen, now we just won't believe that you have really read that book. You picked it up half an hour ago and here you are, pretending that you have read it! The thing is impossible." I asked Mrs. Roosevelt about her husband's absorbing propensities. "Yes," she said, "that is the strange part of it. When we were first married I noticed that he raced through books of this sort—that he looked at a was in these books, but he told me I was perfectly welcome to examine him, and I never caught him in a single detail. That seems to be the way his mind works."

Of course the "book-absorbers" who read this will be delighted, and the others will be sceptical. But it is a trick acquired by almost all those who are forced to do a great deal of reading. Personally I cannot add a row of nine figures without calling in the help of the First Mathematical Aid. But I have seen bookkeepers whose pencil went down a row of figures with the speed of an express elevator and who could stop at any given point with the correct answer at their finger tips. And I have known highly trained orchestra players to go through a new score as if it were a telephone book and they were in a hurry to get a certain number and come out at the other end with a very fair idea of what it was all about.

It is almost incredible what vast numbers of books you can read if you happen to be a "book-absorber" and do not go in for sport or for cards.

And books that have been read are as unmistakably different from books that have not been read as rooms in which people have actually lived are different from those that are used as show-pieces in a furniture store. I followed the method of the tobacco broker at a sale of the recently imported weeds. Here and there I stopped and dipped into one of the bundles of printed wood-pulp which contain the indictment of our modern society with suitable suggestions for the near future. But everywhere I found evidence that the book had at least been opened and contents noted.

During the outgoing Middle Ages, when the Church was trying to prevent the laity from getting at the original sources of the New Testament, it was considered a sign of very suspicious unorthodoxy to be found perusing a New Testament in the original Greek. Indeed, wherever a Greek passage was discovered in a Latin or French or English or German volume, it

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was hastily skipped. "Græcum est, non legitur." "This is Greek, we do not read it." There are those who, fearful of the new economic heresies, have adopted this plan in relation to all matters pertaining to the perplexing problems of modern life. "This belongs to economics. We do not read it," is the modern equivalent of that medieval ostrich policy in the realm of practical theology. In this house at least the subject is not taboo. Even the name of Karl Marx is sometimes mentioned without causing anybody to look for the nearest exit lest Ham Fish and the Daughters of the American Revolution descend upon Hyde Park and denounce the Governor's Mansion as a hotbed of red radicalism. If signs of a very widespread curiosity about existing economic monstrosities are evidence of a radical spirit, then the Governor will have a hard time defending himself. For such signs, in the form of pretty nearly all the current volumes on the state of the post-war planet are much in evidence, together with a sprinkling of French books upon the same subject.

I have not been able to submit Franklin Roosevelt to an "examen rigorosum" in either French or German. From little stray remarks during the ordinary course of conversation I am inclined to believe that he is one of those rare men holding a high official position in our commonwealth who can laugh at puns not of a purely Anglo-Saxon origin. For all I know he may want to keep this fact hidden, and perhaps I am committing an indiscretion. But we have had a few presidents who were men of all round education. And by and large they did not do so much worse than those who only learned to spell their name when they entered the White House.

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But what of the "stock" of the library of the Roosevelt house? What sort of books form the backbone of this collection?

Outside of a few of the standard sets of Dickens and Thackeray and the other English classics—most of them probably acquired by the original owner of the house in the days when such collections of standard works were as indispensable as the Bible and Shakespeare and the autobiographies of Senators and Congressmen —the library is almost entirely historical. Naval history takes a preponderant place, for naval history is the special hobby of this former assistant secretary of the Navy. This love for nautical lore, however, antedates his career in Washington. It seems to have grown out of a boyhood interest in ships and sailors and the habits, customs, and lack of same of the latter. And it is intimately connected with the general historical development of the first fifty years of American independence, for let us not forget that America started its career as a seafaring nation. Not until the railroad and the steamboat had opened up the West did we turn our back upon the ocean, and the greed of Fulton and his crew of profiteers and promoters delayed that day until almost forty years of independence had gone by, and the nautical era of our history came to its end.

Those were the forty years of the most interesting part of the development of something which, for a while at least, promised to be an entirely new sort of nation. And those were the forty years which produced the most interesting possessors of what we now call "the essential American characteristics." Not merely the Thomas Jeffersons who went so far as to present the world with an entirely novel philosophy of life *à l'Américain*, nor the Daniel Boones and the Lewises and Clarkes and all the other topnotchers of pioneering. But during that hilarious and turbulent era there were countless obscure personages who passed merrily through the most hair-raising adventures, and all of them I descried here in the concrete form of so many books. Circuit-riding dominies and judges and territorial governors and homesteaders and panhandlers and fur-traders and queer, solitary characters who just could not sleep when they knew of the presence of a neighbor within a radius of twenty miles, and all the other large and small fry who did their share to make America what it originally was, have found their way to the Roosevelt shelves.

A surprisingly large number of these worthies and scoundrels were literate. Most of them wrote, and a few wrote very well indeed. Their manuscripts, spread all over the vast expanse of the West, are only slowly coming back to life, for they have little commercial value from a mere publishing angle. Americans do not easily take to American history unless it is the sort of history that flatters their own pride, and these old boys and girls were an honest and outspoken crowd with not a thought in their heads about flattering anybody or anything.

Here again, as in the case of "current economics," I am inclined to suspect that some bookstore, specializing in such matters, has received a standing order to provide the Governor with everything that appears along those particular lines. For all the common histories and biographies of the last twenty years are present, together with a few small volumes of higher bibliophile value, that were printed befor the beginning of the 'eighties.

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Well then, to sum up what I have discovered, here is the literary background of the Democratic candidate for presidential honors.

Of novels and belles-lettres I found only a few respectable samples, and those tolerated rather than cherished.

Of poetry, a sprinkling of the very best, but rather in the more conventional sense of the word. Now, however, that Edna St. Vincent Millay and the other rebels of yesterday have become highly respectable inmates of our Casa Poetica, that includes a great many of the moderns.

Of the current comment on the great economic and social problems of today, just about everything that any intelligent man or woman of fair means would be apt to acquire, all of it duly read and studied but apparently leaving the reader quite as bewildered as before.

The moment, however, the department of early American history was reached, the scene changed. Then the entire panorama of that great period which we usually associate with our earliest attempts at a truly national existence began to unfold itself before my wondering eyes.

And I suddenly understood what had made it possible for Franklin Roosevelt to overcome the terrible obstacles and difficulties of the last ten years of his life.

He had identified himself with his own historical past. He had made this part of his library the arsenal from which to arm himself for the inevitable encounters of the future.

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That is the story of my visit to the library of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

My job was done, and I was ready to depart.

I packed my bottles of ink and my pads of paper.

I bade a careful farewell to Meggie, still fast aslep in front of the fire.

And I thought of the strange tricks life plays on us.

I had gone forth rather vaguely in search of a few books, and I returned with the definite image of a man.

Arms and the Man

THE NATION AT WAR. By General Peyton C. March. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by Robert G. Albion

AMONG the legacies of the World War are the controversies over "Who started it?" and "Who won it?" The ammunition in these disputes includes an ever-increasing number of memoirs of notables eager to dodge a share in the former distinction or to claim a share in the latter. It is inevitable in this connection that the memoirs of General March should be linked with those of General Pershing.

The Commander of the A. E. F. committed a grave tactical error in writing his "Experiences." He had already been accorded automatically a generous share of fame as leader of a victorious army. The egotistic tone and the extreme claims of his memoirs, however, resulted in a more critical estimate of his achievements and provoked bitter counter-attacks from German, French, British, and even from American sources. The result is that General Pershing's reputation today is probably less than it was when he started writing.

WAR DEVASTATED FRANCE
From a drawing in "Men and Memories," by William Rothenstein (Coward-McCann).

General March, on the other hand, has everything to gain in presenting his experiences to the public. Though as Chief of Staff he shared great power with Pershing during the war, he has not shared the subsequent glory. He was goaded into print by Pershing's aspersions upon the performance of the General Staff and War Department, and he has attempted to secure just recognition not only for himself but also for the others who carried on the all-important but less conspicuous work on this side of the Atlantic. "I do not propose," he writes, "that anyone now shall minimize this superb achievement." His tone is little less modest than Pershing's, but when he uses the first personal pronoun it is generally in connection with some tangible achievement, while the Pershing memoirs left many readers wondering just what the Commander of the A. E. F. contributed to the actual fighting against the Germans.

The March memoirs are barely a third the length of Pershing's. They are written in a crisp, incisive style, with some very telling sentences not more than four or five words in length. The arrangement is so severely topical that the book could be described as a series of loosely connected essays which might be reshuffled without serious detriment to the continuity. While various points are developed with emphasis, the general effect is less satisfactory than in the case of Pershing's chronological treatment, where the passages from the war diary show how the situation unfolded day by day.

The author's criticisms of Pershing are the principal controversial feature of the book. He reminds us more than once that Pershing was his subordinate and he voices the old army grudge against Pershing's sudden jump from captain to brigadier, which, according to March, deprived him of invaluable experience in the intermediate ranks. These two leaders of the American army, it is revealed, were hostile even during the height of activity in 1918, March attempting to have Pershing's diplomatic and supply functions transferred to Bliss and Goethals, respectively, while Pershing, desiring, as March says, "a rubber stamp for Chief of Staff at home," wrote Baker on August 17, 1918 criticizing the work of the General Staff under March. Pershing, he says, had "about as few qualifications for diplomacy as any man I know." March places directly upon Pershing the responsibility for keeping Wood away from France, declaring that this same jealousy of able men on Pershing's part was shown in the cases of Bliss, Goethals, and Seibert. "As the A. E. F. increased in size," March continues, "General Pershing's inability to function in teamwork with his legal and authorized superiors increased until it reached a point where he refused to obey Foch's orders abroad." He points out that Pershing completely misconceived the essence of French strategy, and his general estimate of the situation just before the Armistice was so faulty that even after March had stopped troop sailings from America on November 1st, Pershing continued to clamor for more men for his 1919 program. His more particular grievances consisted of what he termed Pershing's unreasonable demands upon the War Department and the constant changes of specifications which drove the General Staff and the manufacturers nearly to distraction. Despite all this, he says, he "gave General Pershing the greatest support any American general has ever received from a military superior in our history."

The book, however, is not all spleen. It gives a graphic summary of the manifold achievements which made possible the size, the quality, and the potential reserve force of the A. E. F. General March became Chief of Staff on March 4, 1918, returning from France where he had commanded the artillery. He quickly gathered tremendous power into his own hands. Even the cables from the Secretary of War and his assistants passed through his hands and sometimes went into the wastebasket. The chiefs of bureaus were instructed to report to him instead of to the Secretary, leaving the latter free for bigger problems. Oral conferences were substituted for the traditional slow correspondence "through channels" and this principle was applied in coördinating the work of the various war agencies. Hurley, Baruch, Hoover, and other civilian heads of the great war boards gathered once or twice a week with the army and navy heads, often reaching in two minutes decisions which might have taken weeks by correspondence. The whole story of the organization of supplies, railroad transportation and shipping is outlined clearly, General March claiming much of the credit for the success.

With all his claims of what he himself accomplished, March does not fall into Pershing's error of ignoring the coöperation of his subordinates and superiors. Goethals and many others receive generous praise and he devotes an entire enthusiastic chapter to his relations with Newton D. Baker, "the greatest War Secretary this Nation has ever produced." Some of this enthusiasm may be attributable to the fact that the Secretary so often deferred to the opinion of his Chief of Staff. He declares that President Wilson "only interfered twice with the military operations of the War Department during the war while I was Chief of Staff and both times he was wrong. The first of these was the Siberian Expedition; the other sending American troops to Murmansk and Archangel." A pronounced "Western Fronter," March had opposed this scattering of effort. He was apparently generally too busy to be genial and implies that he trod on many toes in repulsing political interference. "If my methods were not *suaviter in modo*, it will be conceded that they were *fortiter in re;* and after all, war is not a pink tea. I got results."

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Washington Merry-Go-Round*

MORE MERRY-GO-ROUND. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM E. SHEA

"MERRY-GO-ROUND," forerunner to the present volume, a debunking of social and political Washington, was published, anonymously, in 1931. Its appearance produced an effect on the nation's capital bearing striking likeness to a Florida hurricane—the "night of the big wind" was calm and tranquil by comparison. Down Pennsylvania Avenue, from the marble halls of Congress, swept a gale of outraged fury so strong it ruffled the granite feathers of the angel on the Peace Monument. Adding to the pandemonium came squeally gusts from Secretarial sanctums, "Embassy Row," swanky Massachusetts Avenue, and the *faubourg* of the sacrosanct "cave-dwellers," Georgetown. The culprits responsible for the typhoon, Washington newspaper men, aghast at the unanticipated tumult they had caused, took to cyclone cellars and for days were among the missing; one of them, having but shortly before wriggled out of a duel to which he was challenged by an excited diplomat, fled ignominiously by airplane to Canada.

When the storm had subsided it was found that the only real casualty, apart from a few reputations that would never again be the same, was one of the crew of the merry-go-round itself. The story is that representations were made to the staid *Christian Science Monitor* that its Washington correspondent, Robert Allen, had had a hand in the writing of the book. Allen, when questioned, admitted the truth of the charge, and was peremptorily dismissed. One supposes that "More Merry-Go-Round" owes its existence to the fact that after Allen lost his job with the *Monitor* (and a later job with the Hearst papers, because of indiscreet criticism of Hearst's protegé, the Honorable "Cactus Jack" Garner) it was a case either of selling apples or writing another book. The apple trade being in the doldrums, Mr. Allen naturally chose writing a book. Perhaps also he may have been inspired by a wish for revenge.

It is rare that a "follow-up" book, written to ride the wave of a passing vogue, is as good as the one that started the vogue. The present case is an exception. "More Merry-Go-Round" is a much better book than "Merry-Go-Round," which was three-quarters scandal and gossip. It is spotty, as any book written by a plurality of authors is bound to be; but at least nine of its thirteen chapters deserve the rank of excellent. Of the four others, three are passable, if you are not easily bored, and one, "The Cotillion Leader," is so mercilessly savage a caricature of Secretary of War Patrick Hurley that its publishing is inexcusable and unjustifiable.

The chapter, "The Capital Underworld," by which misleading phrase the authors mean Washington's bootleggers, is an amusing survey of Washington drinking. The bootleggers are pictured as gentle, kindly, and conscientious souls (as they actually are for the most part) who seek by dispensing reasonably decent liquor at fair prices to build up clientèles of steady customers. Much more hard liquor is drunk in Washington than before Prohibition, with girls and women getting more than their fair share, but thanks to the bootleggers the liquor is of a better quality and relatively little harm results. Postmaster-General Walter Brown, "unquestionably the ablest man in the Cabinet," is portrayed as a combined Machiavelli and Mark Hanna, with a dash of human kindliness thrown in. Among his credits are unostentatious philanthropy and a dislike of "blah and hokum"; when the broadaxe or the guillotine are called for, Brown uses them, expeditiously and without cant. The Army and Navy are treated scathingly. The petty intrigues of their personnel, their gangrenous squabbles over precedence, their insidious militaristic propaganda, and their unconscionable lobbying against reduction of their swollen budgets in a year when the Treasury is three billions "in the red"—the whole disgusting business is pictured as it is, without exaggeration. There is no lightning play of satire in this chapter; whoever wrote it wielded a bludgeon, and every blow cracked a skull.

The chapter on the Supreme Court, "Nine Old Men," is an informed and realistic study of that august body. It traces the evolution of the Court from Chief Justice Marshall's enunciation, in 1803, of the principle that the Court "had the right to nullify statutes," on down to the present dominance of the Court over the other two theoretically coeval branches of the government. The argument of the chapter is: In a time of unprecedented social and economic dislocation, with the necessity imperatively upon us of building a new edifice from the ruins of nineteenth century economics, wrecked by the multiplied productivity of farm and factory that have come as the result of a century of invention and scientific progress, five out of the nine old men on the Court can, and habitually do, stand squarely across the path of all legislation by Congress and the forty-eight State legislatures that is not in accord with their antiquated notions about property—"No real or lasting progress in reshaping the economic system can be achieved without a fundamental reconsideration of the controlling role held by the Supreme Court."

If a third "Merry-Go-Round" is in contemplation, I would earnestly recommend to the collaborators the elimination of whoever it is that specializes in such mean nastiness as the story about the two editors. That kind of speakeasy anecdote is plentifully available, for those who like it, in the tabloids and "brevities"; but in a book of which four-fifths is serious and intelligent criticism, it is out of place.

William E. Shea is on the staff of Mark Sullivan in Washington. Mr. Sullivan, as a veteran newspaper correspondent and the intimate of several presidents, probably has available in his office as much information on political personalities and events as any man in journalistic circles.

A single-page letter written by Robert Herrick when he was at Oxford to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, fetched £235 at a recent sale in London.

* The cartoon reproduced above is by the famous German caricaturist, Kley.

A Mighty Hunter

TIGER MAN. By JULIAN DUGUID. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

WHEN Julian Duguid made the trip through the Chaco country described in "Green Hell," he met, just north of Corumbá, a young bearded Lett, who knew the wilderness thoroughly, joined the expedition, and was a vast help to its inexperienced white men. Sacha Siemel had become a sort of legend in the region, a mighty hunter, who killed jaguars with a spear or a bow and arrow, and the young writer, plainly fascinated by this superlative example of the "strong, silent man," dubbed him "Tiger Man." Back in England, again, young Mr. Duguid, homesick for days of his great adventure, decided to write Siemel's biography, and this new book, part straight biography, part novel, is the result.

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "TIGER MAN."

It starts with the young Lett's flight from the humdrum lot of a schoolboy in the Russian Baltic province, now the little republic of Latvia, and follows his adventures as stowaway, mechanic, bakeshop helper, and what not, over seas to the Argentine, and finally up into the Rio Grande do Sul and Matto Grosso country, where, as a footloose wanderer and hunter of "tigers," he found his spiritual home. Siemel differed from the mere tropical tramp—from his own brother, Ernst, for instance—in holding always to a certain hard cleanness and unyielding self-respect. As Duguid pictures him, he was of the stuff that heroic explorers are made of. But he had no political or social ambitions—all that he asked was to be free in the wild nature that he loved; to become one with it, without losing his dignity as a man.

When another man's wife fell in love with him, in Buenos Aires, and he with her, Tiger Man simply kept a stiff upper lip, and said good-bye, and took his bruised feelings off into the wilderness. He killed a man, presently, quietly and in good order, because that seemed to him the only self-respecting way out. He never looked for trouble, always tried the courteous way, but when trouble came, and it was a matter of holding to his own right line, he acted quickly and thoroughly.

How much all this lay in Tiger Man himself, how much may be contributed by Mr. Duguid's slightly romantic attitude toward nature untarnished by "civilization" and the joys of the open road, is neither here nor there. The basis of his story is factual, and he has made of his biography a first-class adventure tale for boys, whether the latter are fifteen or fifty.

Tiger Man killed 119 "tigers," first and last, twenty-four of which were despatched with bayonet, spear, or arrow. The larger of the South American jaguars really deserve the name "tiger." Some of them weigh in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds and are a rough equivalent of the middle-sized tigers of the Bengal brand. Siemel didn't sit on top of an elephant, surrounded by other elephants and beaters, nor he did he wait by waterholes. He pursued his prey on foot through the jungle, and when he did use the spear, he simply marched right up and drove home, and animal and man fought it out, hand to hand. Quite another sort of game from big-game hunting as it is done by tripper-hunters in motor cars in British East Africa.

There is much in the narrative beside tiger-killing—glimpses of lonely ranches in the Brazilian hinterland, of flora and fauna of all sorts, including snakes; the deadly *piranha*, or killer-fish, who finish off the inexperienced swimmer in a quick swirl of blood and foam; and the queer Brazilian human amalgam of Portuguese, negro, Indian, and what not, and all the little and big adventures that might be expected to turn up during years of living and wandering and hunting among them. A cheering, first-class tale for city folks to read, in scrunched-up little flats, to the grinding of traffic and radios just outside the windows or overhead.

Politics for Editors

(*Continued from page* 169)

of literary criticism is achieved by such a study as Mr. Morley's characterization of a human being in the President's chair, yet to say that his study, or Mr. Van Loon's, is irrelevant to literature, is to assert that the reader has no place in the history of the book.

We have also been charged with political propaganda. If to describe the reading habits of men selected, or under selection, to rule and represent us, is propaganda, the accusation is accepted without pain. Yet it is not this *Review*, but the men themselves, their tastes, their humanism, the state of their accord with the great currents of thought and imagination always sweeping under events and beyond the present toward the future, which supplies propaganda, if any, to their followers and supporters. If the election were to be decided in the office of the *Saturday Review*, every candidate would get at least one ballot. We are shamelessly interested in politics, especially where politics touch literature, but we are editors, critics, and modestly scholars, not propagandists or partisans.

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East is East

EAST OF EDEN. By ISA GLENN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by CARL VAN DOREN

THEY say that Eva Litchfield in this book is Elinor Wylie, the lovely genius who is so fast becoming legendary. The legend will help the novel more than the novel will help the legend. A world of tongues still goes on talking about her much as it did when, white, austere, vain, good, imprudent, and wise, she lived in perilous rectitude. Within six months I have run into three novelists who were planning stories about Elinor Wylie. There will be stories and stories until somebody writes her biography. Even that may not quiet the restless legend. The truest narrative of her life, extracted by torture from those who knew her, and supported by trustworthy affidavits, might look too simple to seem true. Many readers would ask themselves if this were all, and would, preferring mischief and melodrama, answer that it could not be. They would whisper, and their whispers would run ahead of them, never to be called back.

But the biography has not been written. For the first time in "East of Eden" the shadow of Elinor Wylie falls along the pages of a whole book. And I, who knew her better than any but a few did, take upon myself the office of declaring that Eva Litchfield is only a shadow of that shining woman.

I am sure that Isa Glenn herself will want to have this done. For she has drawn nothing but the idea of her heroine from the life. Eva Litchfield is both a beauty and a genius who is called upon to adjust herself to the daily circumstances of a more or less ordinary woman. Married to Nicholas Van Suydam, a somewhat theatrically Knickerbocker young man who is an architect as well as the heir to his family's solid fortune, she finds it difficult to suit her hours and ways of work to his, more difficult to bend her aloof, ambitious nature to his demands as a husband, and most difficult to meet the expectations of his mother, Mrs. Schuyler Van Suydam. Eva's friends are not Nicholas's friends, and the two sets will not mix. She makes such efforts as she can to overcome these difficulties. She can do little. Though her beauty and her genius attract the crowd, as they do Van Suydam, she keeps imperious and immaculate, needing homage but unable to pay for it with any surrender of her spirit's freedom. She refuses to bear the child she has conceived, goes to Hollywood to earn money after the crash of 1929, and decides to walk alone, not only without her husband but also without the lover whom her husband accuses her of having. After a bitter argument with Van Suydam she dies.

Eva Litchfield's story, of course, has no actual resemblance to Elinor Wylie's. The one likeness between the two women is in the abstract conception of their aloofness and ambition. If Elinor Wylie had had no traits but these, and if she had married a man like Nicholas Van Suydam with a mother like his, she might then have become an Eva Litchfield. She would, however, not have been Elinor Wylie. And she would never, vivid as she always was, racy as she could be, have been the wraith of a genius, the unvisualized, half-spectral girl that Eva Litchfield is in "East of Eden." The book is what it claims to be: the story of Eva Litchfield. It is not what it is said to be: the story of Elinor Wylie.

I stress the distinction as with a crowbar because the novel is bound to be read by people hunting for what is not there. Some of them will find just enough lifelike details, particularly as regards the incidental characters, to convince them that Eva Litchfield is lifelike too. The visiting Englishman unmistakably suggests Ford Madox Ford, as Daniel Pentreath no less unmistakably suggests Robert Chanler. Molly Underhill owes something to Dorothy Parker, Dinah Avery to Isa Glenn. The Onion Party given by Winnie Conant for women only recalls the historical event arranged by Fania Marinoff. Several of the interiors have been reported from actual houses rather than invented. The list could be prolonged. Yet the points of resemblance are dexterously shuffled. Winnie Conant and her husband Addis Wickersham are extremely unlike Fania Marinoff and Carl Van Vechten. Florence Quincy appears to be a synthesis. The characterization of the man here called Lucullus Kahn—"a faun with fleas"—was in fact first hit upon, I understand, by a different person on a different occasion. This list also could be prolonged. But the total of veracity in the book may

ISA GLENN.

be misleading as to Elinor Wylie. The truth about her would be much stranger, because stronger, than this fiction.

Considered as a lively chronicle of the doings of writers in New York when times were at their peak, "East of Eden" will deserve its readers. It may disgust them. These particular writers, most of them below the first rank in their trade, are generally footless émigrés from the four quarters of the country, stewing in Manhattan on alcohol and gossip. It is a fault of the novel, I think, that its method requires them to gossip about Eva Litchfield with a ravening concentration on her affairs which their prototypes never devoted to anybody. Almost nobody in the story ever talks about anything but his own theme. At first surprising, their single-mindedness grows irritating, and then unconvincing. Eva Litchfield is lost in the clouds of their talk about her. They are often lost themselves, having turned into mere voices. Because they must talk so much, usually behind her back, she is frequently off the stage, heard about but not seen. As they can only speculate, since no one of them enjoys her fullest confidence, and as they do not speculate very discerningly, she is left mysterious. At the end it is not quite clear whether she has been impenetrable or they have been vague.

Perhaps unexpectedly, the outstanding figure in the novel is Mrs. Schuyler Suydam, who has never given up her brougham and who misses in Eva's books "the rich, meaty flavor of Moll Flanders." She knows what she wants, if she does not have it already, and she knows how to get it or at least how to go after it. Yet she is not all will and pride and confidence. She has an authentic passion which makes Nicholas in comparison seem stolid and all the others nerveless or perverse. Naturally she was too much for Eva Litchfield, though she would not have been too much for Elinor Wylie. Was she cast for the villain in the piece? Or for a character part? In any case, she steals the play. Despite the sympathy due Eva Litchfield the dowager becomes the magnetic center of the action. This seriously disturbs the balance of the plot, and at one point makes it incredible. I cannot think that Isa Glenn was justified in making it appear that important facts about Eva Litchfield came out through the words of Mrs. Schuyler Van Suydam. I do not believe that she ever made a confidante of one of Eva's writing friends.

Lloyd George, it is said, has now written some 100,000 words of his memoirs. He hopes to finish the book by the autumn of 1933.

Proust Complete

THE PAST RECAPTURED. By MARCEL PROUST. Translated by FREDERICK A. BLOSSOM. Part VII of Remembrance of Things Past. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. N. LINSCOTT

WITH "The Past Recaptured" Proust's great novel is brought to a close, ending with his discovery of the theory of art which inspired its conception and led him to set out on his long journey through the past.

His Road to Damascus is the approach to the house of the Prince de Guermantes, whither he has gone to attend a reception after many years of exile in sanatoriums. In the courtyard he steps on two uneven flagstones, is aware of a sensation of ineffable bliss. At the same time there arises from the depths of his subconsciousness a memory of the cool and azure blue of Venice, where he had once stumbled on flagstones of the same unevenness. And this Venice that now comes back to him is complete, tangible,—the living Venice he had tried so often in vain to summon to mind through conscious memory. As he enters the house his "faith in literature is restored" by two more similar evocations of the past, and in the face of this threefold annunciation he resolves henceforth to dedicate himself to art,—that is, to capturing the essence of things in memory where alone they live outside of time, unchanged and within our reach. For the only reality, he reflects, lies, not around us but within us; and not in our intelligence, which acts arbitrarily, nor in our conscious memory, which perceives but does not vivify, but in the involuntary memory which, when certain chords are sounded, brings forth unbidden from our subconsciousness whole segments of the past with all those overtones which the intelligence has rejected as incongruous and unrelated, and which, in consequence, have no place in conscious memory. To translate these subjective impressions and to establish a relationship between them is to create a work of art.

As he enters the Prince's drawingroom the narrator finds living proof of his time theory. Already on his way there he had seen the haughty Charlus, helpless from a stroke, bare his snowy head in servile obeisance to Mme. de Sainte-Euverte, whom formerly he despised, and heard him muttering with thick sepulchral resonance his litany of the dead: "Hanibal de Bréauté, dead! Antoine de Mouchy, dead! Charles Swann, dead! Adalbert de Montmorency, dead! Baron de Talleyrand, dead! Sosthènes de Doudeauville, dead!" And now in the drawingroom he is surrounded by men and women, once his friends, whom time has changed beyond recognition. Madame Verdurin has married the Prince de Guermantes and scaled the pinnacle of society from which Charlus has plunged. Gilberte is old and fat and has a grown daughter. Bloch is in fashion; the Duchesse de Guermantes out of it. Rachel is a famous actress while Berma is dying of neglect. And their faces, their figures, their personalities have changed even more than their positions in society. Wandering among these wrecks of time, catching sight here of remembered features in an unknown face, recognizing there a familiar voice uttering unfamiliar sentiments, he realizes that in the novel he is even then contemplating time must be made all important and continuously perceptible, and that man must be shown as "occupying in time a far more considerable place than the so restricted one allotted him in space." For time changes us as a river changes its shores, adding here, wearing away there, continuously modifying the totality of impressions and experiences which is personality, and so making the time dimension as necessary to the novelist in solving the human equation as it is to the scientist in solving the equations of modern physics.

No other novelist has set out with so conscious and lofty a purpose as Proust, or found a method better fitted to its realization. That he failed of absolute success was due to his own physical and psychological weaknesses. The artist is a mirror reflecting the world as he sees it, and Proust's world is tortured, complex, and neurotic in the same measure as its creator. It may also be surmised that devotion to his thesis led him to exaggerate both the subjectivity of his characters and the rapidity of the time flow. This distortion grows more pronounced as the work progresses, as though, aware of the few years remaining to him, he despaired of allowing the story to unroll of itself to full circle, and increasingly exaggerated his effects in order to complete his demonstration before death brought his work to a close.

Also it must be remembered that in the later volumes he had no opportunity to make the endless amplifications in proof that the previous volumes had received, resulting (except for a few magnificent scenes on which he had obviously lingered) in an appearance of comparative haste and compression—of stating a case rather than permitting the case to state itself.

Proust's greatness lies in his ability to define the relations of people to people and people to things more subtly, more exactly than any other writer. No less extraordinary is his genius in creating a technique so perfectly adapted to express his philosophy. The long festoons of qualifying clauses are a measure of his determination to shade the black and white of direct statement to the gray of truth. His selection of material is conditioned by his desire to record only those portions of life which rise intact from the depth of the subconscious. He is preoccupied with the themes of love and jealousy, and particularly of sexual inversion, because love, most subjective, as well as most intense of all emotions, is felt, not for an actual person but for an image which exists only in one's own mind, as exemplified in Proust's love for Albertine, in Saint Loup's for Rachel, and above all in the sulphurous loves of Charlus. His social scenes are so many illustrations of the devastation wrought by time, which breaks up and rearranges the most impregnable social structures within a single generation. And finally, by showing his characters in a series of changing views as seen by different eyes at different times, each view modifying and giving substance to those which have gone before and fitting together at the end to make a complete whole, he applies to society the theory of relativity and of time as the fourth dimension. In the end, having stripped man naked, he gives him back art as the only reality and only point of permanence in a world of flux and illusion, and sets out to rescue the world he has known from the spate of time by transferring it to the security of fiction.

MARCEL PROUST

NOTE. For the reader curious to learn the reception accorded by America to a great and difficult work of art the following sales figures are appended. "Swann's Way" has sold 7,928 in the regular edition and 31,437 in the Modern Library up to January; "Within a Budding Grove," 4,617, Modern Library, 12,070; "The Guermantes' Way," 4,088; "Cities of the Plain," 4,744; "The Captive, 7,274 (a curiosity sale), "The Sweet Cheat Gone," 3,788; "The Past Recaptured," 2,967.

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A Pack of Cards

ROYAL FLUSH. By MARGERY IRWIN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

OPPOSITE page one of Margaret Irwin's new book stands the author's boast: "None of the characters in this book is imaginary." If by characters the author means *dramatis personæ* there can be no dispute. Miss Irwin has chosen to tell the story of Charles II's youngest and favorite sister in a volume which though modestly appearing as fiction has as good claim to be called biography as most of the works so denominated on the new book counters. There is hardly another group of persons in history which we can know so intimately as the courts of Louis XIV and Charles II. Gossip, scandal, anecdote were the very elements in which that gay world had its being and hardly a figure of the time but has left in letters or memoirs these ephemera preserved for the amusement of posterity. Henrietta Stuart, married at sixteen at the moment of the Restoration to Louis XIV's unspeakable little brother, Philippe d'Orléans, as the best means of uniting the courts of England and France, reigning for a summer as the belle of Louis's court, and dying at twenty-six still young and beautiful, still the toast and cynosure of two nations, just after she had fulfilled her destiny by aiding her brother and her brother-in-law to conclude the ill-starred Treaty of Dover, lived all her brief life in the blaze of the fiercest publicity. What the contemporary scandal-mongers omitted, patient editors have since unearthed from the dust of archives and muniment rooms. In telling her story there is hardly need to invent an incident. And who would need to invent personages with Olympe Mancini and Montespan, "La Grande Mademoiselle" and Madame de Lafayette, Condé and Lauzun and Gaston d'Orléans, Molière and La Rochefaucauld and Bossuet, the sinister Chevalier de Lorraine and the romantic Comte de Guiche, Rochester and Buckingham and Rupert of the Rhine, Le Grand Monarque, and the Merry Monarch all jostling for attention?

But as to whether the "characters" are imaginary, I am not so sure. All the voluble host of witnesses before whom they played out their parts leave us still wondering what sort of persons Louis XIV and Charles II really were. And what precise relation Miss Irwin's Minette might be to the proud beauty who was Duchess of Orleans long ago is a matter on which editors might dispute. It is hard to know anything about Minette without loving her, and loving her as Miss Irwin does it is hard not to give her more than the benefit of just a reasonable doubt in weighing the stories that prurient gossips set down about her. So the Minette that Miss Irwin imagines emerges essentially unsoiled from the glittering corruption of Versailles, as triumphantly as any of the characters (surely imaginary!) of official Victorian biography.

After all Miss Irwin's preoccupation is with atmosphere, not with character. The cold corridors of the Louvre where the English refugees huddled, the wit and candle light of Madame de Lafayette's salon, the rising pomp of Versailles, the balls, the fêtes, the picnics of the Sun King's morning: these she has rescued from the pages of the memoirists and given new vivid life. Miss Irwin writes with delicacy and with a loving knowledge. No one who is yet to be introduced to that exciting, glamorous page of social history should miss reading "Royal Flush"; no one who knows anything of the period will want to miss it. I was so fascinated by the book's evocation of that vanished time, by the way a scene, a whole emotional crisis is conjured out of a hint, by the way a volume of anecdote and reminiscence is suggested in a sentence that I forgot to wonder at the book's title. Can it be (or is this only an American's blunder?) that that title is meant to suggest Alice's memorable exclamation: "Why, you're nothing but a pack of cards!" Not a bad comment on Louis XIV's court, at that.

. . . I have tried to read seven or eight of Theodore Dreiser's books, and I can't get through them at all. People who sympathize with my difficulties tell me that I began at the wrong end; that I should have begun with his earlier ones, "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt"; that these were really pretty good. If they really were, he should have stopped with them. Many of his more enthusiastic admirers tell me that while they admit he can't write, he has something tremendous to say, and represent him as a great, clumsy, gigantic genius, who in spite of his clumsiness manages to get this something said. I don't find what he has to say worth what his sufferings must have been in getting it written, or my sufferings in getting it read. I can't even admire his stubborn persistence in sticking to a trade for which he seems so eminently unfitted. All I can get out of his books is a sense of the vast accumulation of commonplace details dully presented. I do not consider this monumental and unkempt rubbish-heap a representation of life; if it is anything at all it is a representation of the junk life left behind when it departed.

Don Marquis

Mean Lives

THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH VIRGINS. By MARGUERITE STEEN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON

"HOW much does that leisured population [the wealthy] know of the grimly realistic region that runs parallel with the docks: the real Northport that belongs, not to them . . . but to the sailor . . . the region of the Chinese, of the lascar, of the negro, of the half-breed. . . ?" Miss Steen has written a book to tell them. She gives a picture of the lives of the very poor in a north England port. Her novel is strong; she is unafraid of the ugliness that surrounds her characters, and she uses—on occasion—the sordid detail. Yet in spite of that, her novel has a certain beauty.

The chief character is a young girl, daughter of a woman who has a new "husband" every few months, and a family of eleven. They all live in one room. The eldest son becomes a thief, a sister is a prostitute, another sister is loose in her actions with boys. The youngsters go to school and help to support the family by petty thieving. Catherine, a girl whom people consider unlike her sisters, with a "loveliness of soul," finds in school that sense of order which she cannot feel at home. She loves and is influenced very strongly by one of her teachers.

Miss Gatty and her fellows are pretty snobbish and petty and narrow in their relations with one another and the children. They keep the children under strict discipline not, as Miss Steen shows, in order to make them good citizens, but to save themselves trouble. Miss Steen feels very strongly that the educational system is wrong. To Catherine, however, Miss Gatty represents all that is splendid and fine. The girl idealizes the teacher until, in a moment of petty annoyance, Miss Gatty releases the flood of her pent-up emotions (now turned into hatred) upon her.

Except for an occasional moment of fantasy—notably at the end—Miss Steen writes of the family and the school with firm, yet tempered realism. She is sympathetic without being sentimental, understanding yet not soft. Her picture of mean lives is thoroughly good reading, enjoyable as an able piece of writing. Yet it would have been much better without the fantasy—without Prince Charming.

Of the Making of Books

AUTHORS AND THE BOOK TRADE. By FRANK SWINNERTON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by BARRY BENEFIELD

IN this gossipy little green book Mr. Swinnerton chats along, half-humorously most of the time but eloquently serious occasionally, about the writing, publishing, and distribution of books. His active publishing experience of many years has been in the London field, but Frederic Melcher, editor of the *Publishers' Weekly* and wisest man in the United States book trade, has briefly footnoted Mr. Swinnerton where the Englishman's facts demanded corrective editing for this country.

"Authors and the Book Trade" should be helpful in a general way to the million odd (estimated) persons in the United States who are writing book manuscripts, and at least interesting to those many hearty, curious readers (and, God bless 'em, say all publishers) who want to know about all manner of mysterious matters, especially if they are presented clearly, spiritedly, and with obvious honesty, as here.

Pulling a long face, Mr. Swinnerton asks why in the world anybody should adopt authorship as a profession, for, says he, only an infinitesimal proportion of writers achieve what is accounted success, and even they never receive anything like an adequate return for their work. And writing, he warns, *is* work. But well he knows that the portables and the second-hand Remingtons, Underwoods, and Royals will go clattering on regardless, so he turns his light on the hard profession of writing and the dangerous business of publishing for the benefit of those who for one reason or another may be interested.

He tells how manuscripts are handled in a publishing house. He sings the anonymous, hitherto unsung manuscript reader, who wades in a sea of typescripts and salvages the most likely things for print. In passing, he slaps the authors (usually women) who bring in their manuscripts and give the book editor a selling talk. He explains why comparatively few publishers are rich, why new books must cost as much as they do, and why in these days authors do not so much need protection from publishers as publishers from best-selling authors.

What about the literary agent? Is he good for author and publisher? He is, declares Mr. Swinnerton and develops his affirmative with eloquence. And Mr. Swinnerton is right, provided the author is cautious and lucky in his choice of an agent. In the United States there are some who should be sold down the river and sentenced to read all the manuscripts they have sent around without first trying to find out what was in them and to what publishers, if any, they should be sent.

What about advertising? Advertising does *not* sell books. Mr. Swinnerton proclaims it in italics and by repetition. Publishers advertise merely to pacify authors, hoping to get back some of their money by building up good-will. He is wrong, of course. It would cost twenty dollars apiece to sell a thousand copies of some two-dollar books, but it *would* sell them. Advertising is fertilizer, which pays if skilfully used. Advertising not only pacifies authors (to some extent, never entirely) and builds good-will, it does sell books. Even English advertising copy no doubt sells a book now and then.

What about the bookseller? Why doesn't he ever have the book one wants? But of course he does occasionally, says Mr. Swinnerton. The bookseller can't keep on hand several copies of all the old and new books which are published at the annual rate of some 14,000 in England and some 9,000 in the United States. Not unless he pays rent on millions of square feet and hires an army of salesmen on skates. The bookseller is a worthy person fighting for his business life in a raging flood of new books—a flood that doesn't stand still or recede once in twenty years. Don't damn the bookseller; let him take your order for the book you want, and buy another from his stock to read while your first choice is rushing to you. Well, coming at any rate.

And reviewing? Mr. Swinnerton is sad and bitter about that in London. He is a reviewer himself, as well as author (twenty books) and worker in the publishing field for over thirty years. Coteries of log-rolling reviewers play the game among themselves. The author who isn't himself among the log-rollers, or hasn't a pull with them, is ignored or cut to pieces. The star reviewers with well-known names (often best-selling fictioneers) are usually too busy exploiting themselves in their reviewing columns to help their readers by telling what is in the new books and indicating whether they would like them. And the highbrow reviewing over the government-controlled radio is no good. Earnestly, but with an air of hopelessness, Mr. Swinnerton begs that reviewers tell the rank and file of their readers about the new books that are pleasant.

Thus Mr. Swinnerton on London reviewing. Mr. Melcher has footnoted him only once on reviewing in the United States, probably because that is a matter which should have from twenty to five hundred pages devoted to it. Anyway, our large troubles are not log-rolling, literary snobbishness, and exhibitionism. Our large trouble is that the potentates who control our white space do not see that new books are news, and full of God and the Devil, and incredibly influential day in and day out all over these forty-eight states. If they did see it, they would allot more white space to books and go a considerable way toward having it all used by reliable and competent persons. Then people would read more good books (not necessarily classics or gloomy, grisly things) and would work more fruitfully and happily in the vineyard.

Mr. Swinnerton runs on about many other bookish things—book clubs (of which he seems doubtful), the powerful renting libraries in England (growing rapidly here also), the incalculable reading public, literary teas (vile and vicious), pseudo-Aristotelian or Crocean esthetic literary systems (down with them, says Mr. Swinnerton), and his notion of a utopian school for the training of reviewers.

Barry Benefield, a novelist as well as publisher, and advertising man as well as editor, can speak with authority on Mr. Swinnerton's book from different angles. angles.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. By BENNETT CHAMP CLARK. *Little, Brown.*
The biography of "Old Man Eloquent," president and legislator, and a personality of striking contrasts.

THE SHADOW FLIES. By ROSE MACAULAY. *Harpers.*
A tale of English life in the seventeenth century, with Robert Herrick playing a principal role.

A GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS. By G. D. H. COLE. *Knopf.*
A discussion of the causes and conditions of the contemporary economic tangle.

This Less Recent Book:

PAN'S PARISH. By LOUISE REDFIELD PEATTIE. *Century.*
Charming tales, carried on a slight connecting thread, with Provence for background and a touch of fantasy to offset their characterization.

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The Bowling Green

Human Being

XXXVIII. IT WALKS BY NIGHT

THEY kept the betrothal secret, for theatre managements are dubious of Cupid in the box-office. But Richard was saving for the future. About that time he had obtained Mr. Galloway's assent to employing his young brother Morris—ten years younger—to help with odd jobs. Morris, who had already won the nickname Shad at amateur nights on the Bowery, showed a natural affinity for theatres. He had hung about stage doors from early boyhood; even before he was actually hired he knew most of Mr. Galloway's company by name, ran errands for them (often connected with a surreptitious shell of beer) and made himself a favorite by his fresh obliging ways. Richard was devoted to the youth, to whom he stood almost in a paternal relation.

Shad was useful in many ways. He delivered window cards and passes to the neighborhood tradesmen; carried huge bundles to and from the costumers; quickly picked up the technique of the box-office and helped sell tickets, ingratiated himself with the stage crew and joined them at cards in their exclusive den in the cellar. He learned to know the extraordinary hodge-podge of the prop room as well as the property man himself; when the door-man was ill he slicked up and took tickets at the entrance; when the boys in the gallery became noisy he was a genius at calming them. In a few months his glib attention had divined more of the inside workings of the place than Richard would ever dream. But his real bent was for the actual shine of the footlights. Put into one or two small parts unexpectedly, he seemed to know his lines without ever having studied them; he showed the unmistakable quality of projection that marks the natural performer. Richard was very proud. Mr. Galloway, before whom Shad kept his cocksure manners well concealed, admitted the youth had talent.

Mr. Galloway ran his enterprise on Personality. His image and superscription were everywhere. His likeness and facsimile autograph adorned the program every week; a huge painting of himself as Brutus hung in the lobby; tacked on the call-board there was always some admonition signed in his powerful scrawl; the mails were burdened with his photograph carefully safeguarded between two sheets of cardboard. Like many of the flamboyant old managers he was intensely conventional at heart, an odd mixture of Shakespearean ranter and Sunday School superintendent. He watched with aquiline eye over the morals of the cast, permitted no smoking in the green room, and was frequent in reminder of the dignity of the profession. The actors, sneaking a furtive cigarette or glass of beer in the back alley, attributed this severity to Mrs. Galloway, wife of his Later Period, who was supposed to have lifted him from abysses of bohemia. His young pupils relished the notion that Humbert had been a hellion in his day. At any rate, he now drew his solid support from the established bourgeoisie of Chelsea and Washington Square; good old ladies who took season subscriptions because "Mr. Galloway, though an actor, is so innately refined." He insisted on his company taking the functions of popular melodrama with full seriousness. Some of his alumni believe there was a secret relish of humor behind this solemnity.

At any rate, Galloway was a champion showman. Fourteenth Street long remembered his revival of *It Walks by Night*, and Richard preserved among his papers some of the old man's ballyhoo for this grisly piece. The manager had a lush vein of proclamation not lacking in wit. His advance announcements for the play described it thus:

WORLD-FAMOUS VAMPIRE Horror, greatest of all dramas of the Spectral, Sinister, and Unspeakable. This play suggests the Ghastly Dominion of the spirits of Evil, returning from Corruption to trouble the souls of men.

IT WALKS BY NIGHT was the illicit stage terror of an earlier generation, the cause of the draperies always hung about the old-fashioned bedstead to prevent nervous inmates from seeing any spectre that might lurk beneath.

The scene represents a haunted castle in County Banshee, Ireland, traditionally the awful rendezvous of Werewolf and Ghoul.

This unequalled Classic of Shudders, revived by Mr. Humbert Galloway's company, also shows a vein of Irish comedy, which alone could make permissible the representation of such gruesome anxieties.

Mr. Galloway's attendants will be instructed to have spirits of ammonia, smelling salts and restoratives, ready for any patrons liable to swoon and hysteria.

Positively No One Seated during the Foreboding Prologue, so that the spell of alarm excited on the audience may not be broken.

Reservations for IT WALKS BY NIGHT are already large. Those desiring Places of Vantage must apply AT ONCE.

The play—with Mr. Galloway as The Ghoul—walked a good many nights. It also dismayed many of his more timid patrons. But it would not need mention here except for one circumstance. In the course of the performance there were several interims of complete black-out, when absolute darkness was necessary back-stage. It was during the run of this piece that things began disappearing from the dressing-rooms.

In such a congenial crowd there had never been much care about locking doors or secreting valuables. But now small sums of cash vanished from clothes. There was no possibility of attributing this to error, for underpaid actors know only too well, and to a penny, how much they have in pocket. Then the leading lady missed a bracelet; the juvenile (Bealings himself) a fine German razor; the comedian a corkscrew and a ham sandwich. There began to be gossip. Mr. Galloway still insisted there must be some mistake. The things had been mislaid, would turn up. Nothing of this sort had ever happened in his company. "I suppose it's those Spirits of Evil, returning from Corruption," said the comedian as some of them talked it over at supper. At considerable inconvenience they took to locking their doors while they were on the stage. But when Mr. Galloway's gold watch disappeared—a gift from his wife—there was the devil of a row. Under cover of the roaring thundersheet and wind machine (*It Walks By Night* was the kind of play that has plenty of storm in it, and galloping hooves imitated with cocoanut shells) a window-pane of Mr. Galloway's dressing-room, which opened onto the back alley, had been broken. Burglary, evidently. But Richard noticed that the fragments of glass had fallen on the outside.

A detective was brought in, and lingered for many evenings in the dressing-room alleyways. The larcenies ceased, and the situation blew over, for the police found the watch in a pawn-shop. Everything went on peacefully. Richard and Lucy walked out together on Sundays; their favorite argument was whether she should keep her job when they were married.

In a book you enjoy, you can look forward (the greatest tribute ever paid to an author) to see how many pages still remain to be savored. But you can't do that in life; you may suppose the story is going to proceed indefinitely, and then suddenly it breaks off right across the page.

There was a discrepancy in the box-office figures. It was not discovered at once, for Mr. Galloway was lazy about checking up his personal account with Richard. But when they went over the IOU's, Richard happened to say something about an extra hundred the manager had taken out one week. "What extra hundred?" asked Mr. Galloway sharply. Richard showed him the slip. It was duly signed, but not dated. "That's very odd," said the manager, "certainly I always date my IOU's. Well, we all make mistakes, perhaps I had something on my mind. Queer, though, I don't remember."

It was equally queer that Richard didn't remember; yet he was not always in the box-office himself, and of course the manager's request would be honored by whoever was at the window. In the general informality of Galloway's régime there were several who helped in the box-office at busy moments. Richard questioned Lucille cautiously; she knew nothing of the item. By verifying cash deposits they spotted that Mr. Galloway must have drawn the cash. An appalling thought struck Richard; he could not verify it, because the IOU had been destroyed in the usual way when he had balanced accounts. Was it a forgery? Humbert Galloway's signature, used almost as a trademark for the theatre, was familiar to everyone; it would be easy to imitate it.

A strange little notion had been lurking, almost unperceived, at the bottom of his mind. When he had gone with Mr. Galloway to the pawn-shop to identify the retrieved watch, he had asked the broker if he could remember what the disposer looked like. The pawnbroker was vague. "As a matter of fact," he said, "he looked a bit like you." Mr. Galloway and Richard had laughed at this. Now he remembered it.

And other coincidences, trivial and damning. About the time of the backstage thieveries, Richard recalled, his brother had begun to shave. He remembered this particularly, for the boy had been chaffed because his beard was late in starting.

That evening Shad Roe was missing from the theatre and from the boarding-house where he and Richard both lived. He walked by night, and left Richard to clean up the mess. One of the girls in the company was taken ill with hysterics.

Slippery Shad, like all his kind, had easily been able to convince himself it was everyone else's fault. The forgery was Mr. Galloway's fault for posting his signature all over the place. The girl's trouble was her own fault for tempting him, and she had to have money. The razor was the juvenile's fault for having an enviable beard so young. Most of all, everything was Richard's fault for having charge of so much cash and keeping his own brother on short commons. Shad had worked on Lucille's confidence until she did not scruple to leave him alone in the box-office occasionally; there was no reason why she shouldn't. And it was the fault of mere bad luck, he thought, that suspicion began to focus before he had time to perfect his scheme of duplicate tickets. This required collusion with the door-man, which had not yet proved practicable; but if not pushed too far it would be difficult to discover and leave no written record. He tried, that last afternoon, to remove from the box-office, the parcel of carefully counterfeited tickets he had had printed and secreted there. He had no chance to do so. Fool, to leave them there with the printer's bill in the package. At that early age Shad's technique was crude in many respects; but he departed with the dangerous conviction that people are pretty easy if you're really determined to get the better of them.

To rectify the situation in mere cash was a simple matter—it only involved about two hundred dollars, including restitution to the actors on which Richard insisted. Though even this was the larger proportion of his savings for marriage. The blow to his pride and affection was more bitter. Mr. Galloway, when the details became apparent, was generous; he was more shocked by the flavor of backstage vice than by peculation. Or at any rate, under Mrs. Galloway's influence, that was the line he took. He agreed, since Richard made full repayment, not to pursue the culprit by process of law. This would mean damaging publicity; and also, Richard pleaded, it would wreck the boy's whole career at the outset (Shad was not yet twenty). When the first scandal was past, Mr. Galloway was willing to have things proceed as before; he really enjoyed the confidential meeting of the company when he called them all on stage and with knitted eyebrows delivered a speech on the Recent Deplorable Episode. Mrs. Galloway sat in a box, rustling with outraged propriety. Galloway was at his very best on that occasion: the old trouper rose in flame and thunder to a thoroughly Shakespearean situation. The comedian remarked afterward that he had not known there were so many synonyms for strumpet.

But for Richard the whole position was altered. He felt ashamed before the whole company, the whole profession. And he was ashamed before Lucille. Lucy had put on perfectly natural and innocent airs of superiority toward Hazel: the glamor and romance of her job and her fiancé's position. Hazel was now not backward in subtle attitudes. Poor Lucy, her sympathy seemed to say, going to marry the brother of an embezzler. Dear, dear, how very unfortunate. The streak of gristle which their mother remarked upon long afterward now appeared in Lucy. She informed Richard that perhaps their engagement had better be cancelled. She left him only one loophole: he must get a full and signed confession from Shad. Otherwise, she shrewdly said, they would have no hold whatever on the young ruffian.

The boy had vanished, but he could not be far. Actors are the easiest to trace of all fugitives. Richard, with misery in his heart, trailed his brother through the Broadway casting agencies.

Shad, at first defiant, then tearful, was thoroughly frightened. There was a look in Richard's face he had not seen before; apparently in that gentle person there was a nucleus of something hard and solid. Shad gave an excellent performance in the role of penitent. He wept for Mr. Galloway, he wept for Lucille, he wrote out the desired confession and signed it under oath and witness. He vowed reformation, and hated Richard ever afterward. He borrowed money for a ticket to Chicago, where there was the chance of a job. Richard and Lucy saw him off. They were quietly married the same afternoon. Mrs. Geschwindt had stood up for Richard and advised Lucy not to be a fool. Richard was humbly grateful to his bride for forgiving him his connection with such infamy. The tender little thumb he had kissed was firmly upon him.

They were very happy, and with the confession in storage Lucille felt they might continue at the theatre. Indeed the repercussion of these events lent her, she felt, something of romantic appeal in the eyes of the troupe. But for Richard the job was finished. Obviously he should not quit at once, for that would give a false impression; but he could not continue permanently with the memory of this disgrace in mind. He imagined allusion to it long after it was forgotten. When Herman Schmaltz suggested a vacancy in the Erskine staff Richard was glad to accept. Lucy was not so keen: she saw in this another condescending kindness from Hazel. But there was a baby coming, she would have to leave the theatre job anyway.

I guess I've only touched the high spots, Hubbard concluded. From what I gather, the Galloway period would make a book by itself. At least I have to make plain what lay behind Shad's malice. When Minnie Hutzler went through that parcel of old forgotten papers in Richard's cupboard she found Shad's confession. It was the weapon she needed.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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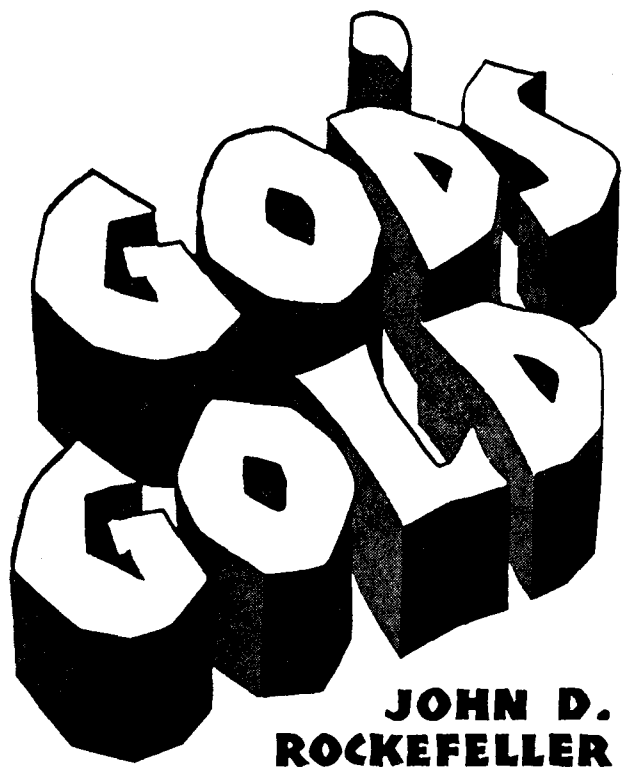

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THE PRIVATE CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII. By FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN. New York: Ives Washburn. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HUSE DUNHAM, JR.
Yale University

THIS volume must be my penance, as it is all I *can* do to make good the great mistake I made," writes Mr. Chamberlin. For most readers "The Private Character of Henry VIII" will serve the same purpose, penance, for poor writing and incoherent construction make it a tedious book. Although this author suggests, rightly enough, that "history can be made to lure the average reader," his book fails to prove the point. His high-minded purpose in writing this latest of the inadequate books on Henry VIII exonerates Mr. Chamberlin from the charge of commercializing the popular appeal of his subject. Whether the publishers are so innocent may be doubted. For the reader conversant with English history, the book offers little; and anyone eager to learn about Henry VIII or his reign will inevitably be defeated by the chaotic arrangement of the narrative. Also, to the general reader the contents are not likely to be either pleasing or exciting. And yet, in spite of all its faults, this book may not be completely ignored.

Its appeal, however, will be restricted to those interested in Mr. Chamberlin's "great mistake" and the destructive criticism that has resulted from his effort to expiate this sin. The mistake, made in some good scholarly company, was to assist in propagating the belief that Henry VIII and his children were syphilitics. Now that Mr. Chamberlin has experienced conversion, he seeks to eradicate the current heresy and so to procure "some quality of mercy." In addition, he uses this 380-page recantation as a vehicle through which to criticize Strachey, Hackett, and the scholarly Professor Pollard—and to enjoy seeing his own personal prejudices in print. Few readers are likely to derive benefit or pleasure from Mr. Chamberlin's animadversions on the present age, his lament for the lost Gothic generations, his panegyric upon royalty with, conversely, a condemnation of hereditary aristocracies, his emendations to the Encyclopædia Britannica, and his denunciation of modern industrial slavery with a sentimental tribute to the medieval cobbler who worked "lovingly over the leather." All of this has already been said, and better.

More merit lies in the author's historical criticism. His "Foreword (which must be read)" deals sharp blows to the "New Biography" as exemplified by Strachey and Hackett. The former is challenged "publicly to produce authority" for certain scenes in his "Elizabeth and Essex" said, by Mr. Chamberlin, to be the product of his scintillating imagination. The historical accuracy of Mr. Hackett's "Henry the Eighth" is rather discredited by ten pages of corrections. The corrections of Hackett's mis-statements of fact stand as valid, but some of Mr. Chamberlin's contradictions of Hackett's interpretations may be questioned. Here may be seen the inevitable conflict between the literal legal mind and the artistic imaginative one. The checks upon Professor Pollard's work are less extensive and are really material for scholarly journals. Chamberlin delights in pointing out Pollard's error in assigning thirty-four years to Anne of Cleves when she was but twenty-four; he enjoys deflating the legend that the elderly Henry had to be moved about by "mechanical contrivances" (probably only a wheel chair); and, also, he tilts with Pollard over matters which must always remain open to individual interpretation.

His main contention—that Henry was not syphilitic—Mr. Chamberlin establishes by submitting his evidence to four distinguished medical authorities. His "Medical Record" of Henry, his Queens, and his children contains items describing his sound and ill health, the pregnancies of his wives, and the ill health of his children, none of which is exactly wholesome reading. The ultimate conclusion deduced from these 163 pages of extracts from documents is presented in the form of letters from Sir D'Arcy Power, the late John Whitbridge Williams (dean of American obstetricians), Eardley Launcelot Holland, and Philip F. Williams. Their verdict on the charge that Henry was syphilitic may be considered one of Not Proven. The net result is that writers on the Tudors are left to make their own guesses; perhaps the most logical supposition would be that the Spanish Catherine herself was diseased; however, most historians will presumably play safe and omit the indeterminable topic. Their right so to do would seem to accrue from the remaining eight chapters of Mr. Chamberlin's book which simply repeat the commonplaces of Tudor history. Any narrative value they might have had is lost through the rough interpolations of lengthy source quotations and a long footnote giving an opinionated résumé of Froude's famous first chapter.

A Princess Enthroned

MARIE ADELAIDE. By EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert K. Haas. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

TO the small principalities of central Europe clings always a certain quality of the tale of long ago—a touch of courtly mystery and magnificence somewhat anachronistic today and none the less possessed of charm for belonging to creations in miniature. Few are left; of these Luxembourg has always been one of the best known and one of the calmest in its political life. Peace, not war, is its aim and its natural tendency. Among the stormy echoes of the war years we may remember rumors of more or less submerged happenings in Luxembourg, of a young Duchess on the throne, of her deposition and exile; but the suggestion of possible tragedy and human misadventure so obviously inherent in such rumors probably came through to almost no one—at least no one at any distance—, so much louder and greater were the disasters of war in the foreground.

Edith O'Shaughnessy has realized the possible interest to be found in this brief drama of Marie Adelaide, Grand Duchess of Luxembourg—a young and beautiful ruler full of high ideals, but unfortunate in her temperament for her niche in life, and caught also in a whirlpool of European war complications. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has searched records carefully and tapped many sources to bring out both an informative background and a true narrative, and the portrait she draws is a convincing one. It seems a strange story of a charming young woman of reserved nature with strong religious and pietistic leanings, who was both gallant and intelligent in taking up the unwelcome life and problems which fate assigned to her, and who performed her tasks acceptably and with dignity. Her abdication in favor of her sister, to which she consented only after being convinced by her ministers that it was the wish of her people and for their best interests, seems to have been due to European post-war complications rather than to any personal failure. In the emptiness of exile she yielded to the religious interests that had always been prominent in her mind, and tried to become a nun, but was unable—either physically or nervously or both—to stand the rigorous probationary routine. She made more than one attempt at this life and also at that of a sister of mercy, but some obscurely ineffectual approach or some lack of nervous stamina led each time to failure—just why is difficult to see with perfect clearness. Moving from place to place, her life petered out in successive disappointments with more than a suggestion of neurasthenia before its early close. It is a brief and poignant story—highly colored at its romantic beginnings and empty and frustrated later on. The fact that during its course all Europe was overturned and distraught makes it none the less a human drama.

It is a great pity that such fertile material, while so well handled from the point of view of organization and of understanding narrative, should be so badly presented in literary style. Fulsomeness, sentimentality, and over-coloring appear on many pages and the reader becomes impatient in wading through so much verbal extravagance to reach his end. In order to possess real literary merit and to be worthy of its excellent potentialities the book should be rewritten unemotionally and in simple and dignified English. Its appeal would be reinforced, not lost.

A talking film version is to be made of Sir James Barrie's play, "What Every Woman Knows."

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Foreign Literature

A Notable Romance

DER MANN OHNE EIGENSCHAFTEN. By ROBERT MUSIL. Berlin. E. Rowohlt. 1932.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

ROBERT MUSIL is an Austrian, born at Klagenfurt about fifty years ago. He wrote a certain number of stories before the war, and these were praised by the influential critic, Alfred Kerr. But they did not attract wide attention; there was said to be a certain *Dilettantismus* or *Artistentum* about them which barred the way to general recognition. With the imposing "Mann ohne Eigenschaften"—over a thousand pages, and that only the first book—Musil has, however, come right into the limelight. His book is difficult to summarize; its thought is so intricate, so involved, that a brief statement of its meaning is wellnigh impossible. The reader, however, may be assured that, once he begins following the thread of this maze, he will go on untiringly to the end—or at least go on to the point to which this first book takes him. The plot is not important, but it needs to be explained.

The "Mann ohne Eigenschaften" is a leisured young Viennese, called simply Ulrich. The title given him by his creator is due to his belief that the individual must cast away from himself all "qualities," all preconceived notions, all prejudices. Life must not be taken as a set of realities, as "given," so much as a complex of possibilities. The writers' brilliant analysis in Chapter 4 must be read by all who wish to master his meaning at the outset. This man, then, becomes involved in pre-war Austrian society. The old Emperor Francis Joseph is to celebrate his jubilee, and a committee is formed to arrange for the celebration. At their head is placed Hermine Tuzzi, wife of a typical Austrian higher official. She is Ulrich's cousin and he accordingly is appointed secretary of the organizing committee, whose preoccupation it is to forestall and outdistance in significance a parallel celebration which is being arranged in the German Empire. Here is Herr Musil's opportunity to exhibit pre-war Viennese society, and essentially his book is a presentation of all the chief types of that society, with an analysis of the elements of decadence to which the Hapsburg Empire —or "Kakanien," as he calls it, from "K. K." (Kaiserlich-Königlich)—was to owe its eventual overthrow. Into this society comes a foreign personality, Paul Arnheim, a German economist-philosopher. Hermine has "captured" him for her drawing-room campaign, and his characterization—which is obviously based on the personality of the late Dr. Walter Rathenau—is brilliantly developed. It is in contrast with Ulrich's, for Arnheim-Rathenau is essentially a *Wirklichkeitsmench*.

It is impossible to follow the story into all its sub-plots, into the various passionate episodes in which Ulrich is involved, into the political difficulties against which Hermine's activities are brought to nought. In the end Ulrich discovers that Arnheim's support for Hermine had not been disinterested; for one thing he had conceived a passion for her, for another he had had some scheme for securing control over the Galician oil-fields. But neither ambition is satisfied. Just as Ulrich has resisted one more seduction from another of the unsatisfied, pseudo-philosophical young women who hovered round him like moths round a candle, he receives news of his father's death. He leaves Vienna, and so ends the first book, which the reader will lay down with feelings of the liveliest curiosity regarding what is to come in the next. For in this first part the "Mann ohne Eigenschaften" has been mainly a negative critic, often but not always cynical, sometimes humorous and delightfully ironical, of the conditions of pre-war Austro-Hungarian society—and in part, too, of European society in general. His reflections have been, for the most part, of that acid kind which dissolves the meaner metal. Will he, in the second book on which the writer is now engaged, build up, out of his philosophy—not so negative perhaps as his title implies—a constructive view of the world as he would wish to have it? Whatever Herr Musil's answer may be to this, he has undoubtedly given Austrian literature one of its most notable pieces of fiction since the end of the war.

Two German Novels

LIEBE IN ÜSKÜB. By HEINRICH EDUARD JAKOB. Berlin: P. Zsolnay. 1932.

DIE ASCHE DES FEGFEUERS. By RICHARD BILLINGER. Munich: G. Müller. 1932.

"Liebe in Üsküb" has a decided exotic attraction. Üsküb is the Serbian Kossovo, and it was an original idea on the part of Herr Jakob to place the scene of his story in the comparatively unknown and highly picturesque country on the borders of Serbia and Albania. An Austrian girl, Cäcilie, has, in consequence of a lovers' quarrel, left the quiet town of Linz and made her way to the Balkans. Eventually she comes to Üsküb, and there becomes a prostitute, fairly well paid and looked after by the brothel keeper. One day a young rich German, Joachim, who had been sent on a journey to Salonica for the purpose of improving his business experience, comes to Üsküb. Cäcilie will have nothing to do with him, and this merely inflames his passion. Eventually they succeed in eluding their guardians—Cäcilie her proprietor, Joachim his watchful chauffeur—and go on a journey, which ends in a village near the Albanian border. Cäcilie finds that she is in love with the young German; he seems to offer her a way of escape. But her tragedy is that he is by no means in love with her—he conceives their relations as merely commercial, and in the end he leaves her and she dies. It is a well-told, tragical little story, effectively projected against the mountains and oriental color of Yugoslav villages.

Richard von Billinger is a young German dramatist and poet, and "Die Asche des Fegfeuers" is his first published work in prose. But it recalls much of his earlier work, in particular his play "Rauhnacht," published two years ago, in which he depicted the primitive superstition and passion of a remote Austrian village. That the material for this play was not conjured up from his reading, but had been found in his actual experience, may be gathered from this new book, which appears to be largely autobiographical. It is certainly a vigorous and convincing picture of an Austrian village community, where deep piety goes hand in hand with superstition and the due observance of Catholic practice is sometimes accompanied by a practical belief in customs whose traditions go back long before Christ, where, in fact, the animal instincts have been but imperfectly checked by the influence of Christianity and civilization.

Peasant Tales

STORM. By PETER NEAGOE. Paris: Obelisk Press. 1932.

Reviewed by EDWARD DORO

PETER NEAGOE is better known in Paris, where he lives at present, than in the States, although various of his stories have found their way into American periodicals. Despite his alliance with those expatriated writers who are gathered together on the Continent, it is not as an experimentalist or eccentric that Neagoe asks to be considered. He is concerned with the peasant, bringing a surety of portrayal to his material, whether the scene be Central Europe or America. It is almost as if he had inherited the talent of Pieter Brueghel, missing but little effectiveness in translating this power to a different artistic medium.

There are fourteen narratives in the volume; the title-story the most ambitious, but hardly the best conceived and written. Choice among the many, however, is a matter of taste. There are "A Pattern" and "Suzan and the Three Old Men," which is done with gusto, and, to speak with still more admiration, the last story, "Shepherd of the Lord."

The book is not a collection of masterpieces, even though full of strong writing. Much in it demands pruning, the author frequently throws his sticks into the fire before making sure that they are all perfectly dry. The laconic style often grows uncomfortably rough, an effect which may or may not—which is more probable —be intended. Those pieces which try for impressionism, such as "A Fact" and "They" are in the manner of other writers. Neagoe need not worry with such as these, which are doubtless early tales, for he has his own (and a superior) métier. Even his faults are consistent with his literary temperament. They pound a message that Neagoe is a writer to be noted and, what is more important, read.

The VIKING Galley

Everything that we predicted thus far about The Letters of D. H. Lawrence has happened. It was published with a storm of acclaim so tempestuous that it even succeeded in drowning the slightly strident peeps of protest from the confirmed anti-Lawrentians. Already the book is being discussed wherever readers gather. There is little doubt but that this volume will remain the outstanding publication of the year.

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Author of "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" and "Lolly Willowes"

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Jacques Deval, popular author of WOODEN SWORDS *and* THAT GIRL, *has come from his native France to attend the opening of his play, "Mademoiselle."*

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Points of View

More on Young Poets

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have read with interest Miss Taylor's letter regarding young poets, in your issue of August 30, and I appreciate her favorable allusion to my book. But I must disagree with two or three of her opinions.

I cannot believe that verse writing in schools is merely a passing fashion. All creative work of boys and girls—art, music, writing, dramatics, "creative camping"—is an integral part of progressive education. Indeed, the need of creative work for everyone is one of the main tenets of all modern social philosophy, as evinced by the recreational movements sponsored by L. P. Jacks, in this country and in England. It is only through creative self-expression in leisure time that the human race can alleviate the spiritually deadening influences of a machine civilization. The benefits are registered in terms of human development and human happiness regardless of the intrinsic worth of the results obtained.

But I do not agree with Miss Taylor that the poetry of high school students is negligible as poetry, and "inevitably lacks substance, scope, and finish." The best of it—and there is much that is fine—compares favorably, I believe, in all these respects with the work of older writers. Here is a poem by a second-year boy at an old New England private school:

PERADVENTURE

Death is a gate all men must pass
Or soon or late, and none dare guess
What terrors wait beyond that gate,
Or what stars shine on what dread fate.
If the countless feet of those within
Have rubbed death's step already thin,
To what vast depths it shall be worn
By multitudes as yet unborn!
For some seek death and death seeks some,
But—seeker and sought—they all must come
To that pale land whence none return.
Perhaps—through irony profound—
There is no gate nor land beyond,
No moon that shines, nor star that glows,
And nothing waits where no one goes.

What more can the oldest and wisest of us say on this omnipresent subject?

A California Indian boy writes about love, using the rhythm and the repetition characteristic of the poetry of his race.

HEART'S FRIEND

Fair is the white star of twilight
And the sky clearer
At the day's end;
But she is fairer,
And she is dearer,
She, my heart's friend!

Fair is the white star of twilight
And the moon roving
To the sky's end;
But she is fairer,
And she is dearer,
She, my heart's friend!

This suggests Thoreau's definition, "Love is perfect friendship," rather than the fragility-futility theory of the modernists, but perhaps Thoreau and the young Indian come as near the truth as the modernists do.

A Jewish boy in a New York City "educational factory" writes this whimsical couplet about his baby niece. The idea in it is corroborated by the latest findings of the child psychologists.

FOUR MONTHS OLD

You tell me things with gestures of your hand,
But I am far too old to understand.

The following parody on Robert Herrick's "To Julia," from Hughes Mearn's "Creative Youth," illustrates the inimitable humor of that famous volume of Lincoln School verse.

TO JULIA
CAUTIONING HER AGAINST INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Whenas with measles Julia goes
She's colored like a red, red rose,
Even unto her dainty nose.
Next, when she's taken with the mumps
Her cheeks are but unsightly lumps—
Then how my admiration slumps!

Such writing is not done in classes or clubs where teachers "keep hands off." Teachers cannot tell their pupils what to say or how to say it, but they must show them pitfalls to avoid. This necessary instruction will not destroy the "freshness" of the work. The marvel is that these young people see and feel and think so much and that they learn so quickly how to express their multitudinous experiences in artistic form. We are just coming to realize what manner of beings these are that we are "teaching."

Nellie B. Sergent.

New York City.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of September 10, page 96, the book, "Democratic Ideas in Turgenev's Works," by Harry Hershkowitz, is credited to the New York University Press.

May we have this corrected?

The New York University Press knows nothing of Mr. Hershkowitz or his book; and no book receives the imprint of the New York University Press without passing a professorial committee as a contribution to higher learning.

For this reason—whether the attribution of this book to us be a typographical error or an unauthorized assumption—we ask your correction.

Arthur H. Nason,
Director, The New York University Press.

Lafcadio Hearn

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Kindly permit me the use of your periodical to correct a few errors that Isaac F. Marcosson makes about Lafcadio Hearn, in his book on David Graham Phillips. He says that in 1887 when Phillips joined a Cincinnati paper, he talked whenever possible to Hearn who was established as a unique figure in Cincinnati newspaper life. Hearn left Cincinnati in 1877, when Phillips was ten years old. He never went back except once to see an old friend, Henry Watkins.

Marcosson says Hearn was a conspicuous failure as a reporter. I talked to the late Edwin Henderson under whom Hearn worked on the old *Commercial* in 1876 and 1877, and he told me Hearn only once fell down on a story. I have gone through many of Hearn's newspaper stories, and if they are failures we ought to have more of them.

He says, repeating an old legend, that Hearn described what he never saw from the steeple of the Cathedral in Cincinnati and published the story in the *Enquirer.* Hearn's story was chiefly an account of his sensations in climbing the steeple, and appeared in the *Commercial.* I have reprinted it in the "An American Miscellany," one of my Hearn collections.

Marcosson says Phillips soon became a rival as a feature writer to Hearn. As I said, they were separated by ten years. Mr. Marcosson does not seem to know that Hearn spent the years 1878 to 1887 as a newspaperman in New Orleans.

Albert Mordell.

Philadelphia.

Uncut Pages

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Your recent letter from Mr. Samuel S. Wyer, on the subject of uncut pages, interested me a great deal. Since he did not give his address, I am imposing on your courtesy to give him a little word of encouragement through the columns of the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

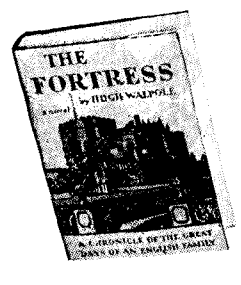
If any printer or binder puts through one of our books with uncut pages (except a limited edition of typographical interest) he does so in direct opposition to our instructions and specifications. To issue a book with uncut pages is really a form of crass stupidity and a medieval bit of Chinese torture to boot, unless the offending Manufacturing Department or designer is considerate enough to furnish a paper cutter with each copy of the book.

M. Lincoln Schuster.

New York City.

M. Maurice Ravel is composing special music for the film version of "Don Quixote," which is being made in France, with M. Chaliapin in the title-part.

We believe that HUGH WALPOLE in *The Fortress,* *Rogue Herries* and *Judith Paris* is making one of today's greatest contributions to literature . . .



Although THE FORTRESS may be read independently, you will not want to miss the other two Herries novels — ROGUE HERRIES and JUDITH PARIS—in uniform binding—at all bookstores—$2.50 each.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

POETRY AND CRITICISM OF THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT. Edited by *Oscar James Campbell, J. F. A. Pyre,* and *Bennett Weaver.* Crofts.

THE HISTORY OF THE NOVEL IN ENGLAND. By *Robert Morss Lovett* and *Helen Sara Hughes.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.25.

THE LITERARY LIFE OF THE EARLY FRIENDS. By *Luella W. Wright.* Columbia University Press. $3.

Biography

AN INCORRUPTIBLE IRISHMAN. By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $4.50.

The fame of the forensic orator, like that of the great actor, is singularly fragile. One must take the word of his contemporaries for it. His work leads not to a brazenly enduring monument but to an epitaph. *Vox, et praeterea nihil.* Probably no Irishman of his day was more widely admired than Charles Kendal Bushe, for nearly half a century: fiery, eloquent upholder of the independence of Ireland in the last days of "Grattan's Parliament," then Solicitor - General for seventeen years and for twenty more Lord Chief Justice of Ireland; famed, also, as a Wit—one needs the capital letter—and master of "Conversation—that fairy gift which," in the words of his great-grand-daughter, Miss Somerville, "flashes for a generation and then fades and leaves no sign." Yet histories and books of reference accord him scant notice.

It is, therefore, the more fitting, and welcome, that a portrayal of something of the personality behind the Voice may be preserved in such a volume as this, which is also a book with a charm of its own. Miss Somerville has not attempted a biography in the thorough-going, heavy-footed manner of the nineteenth century memoirs and lives. She pays little attention to his career as a lawyer or even as a statesman. Still less is it a modernly analytical study in the manner of a Gamaliel Bradford. It is rather a pastel sketch, suggestive if sometimes a little shadowy, and it gives the impression of being a very faithful likeness. Nor is it merely a tribute of grand-filial piety. The subject was well worth portraying.

Indeed, more than half of it is given to anecdotic glimpses of the gay, intellectually fertile society of Dublin, especially in the last decade of the eighteenth century, with some brilliantly descriptive passages, such as the story of the last great debate in the Parliament upon the proposed Union. The literature dealing with the period is copious, but there is room for an addition that is so delectably readable as this.

Fiction

THREE SHEET. By TIFFANY THAYER. Liveright. 1932. $2.50.

This author's work merits notice only because it sells widely. He has received a great deal of uncritical acclamation at the hands of reviewers who have permitted themselves to be deceived by his undeniable ability to sling a hot line.

"Three Sheet" is concerned with the two sons of Minnie Knott. The elder, Robert Ingersoll, was brought up as a freethinker in the light of precepts laid down by his father, who named him after his own particular idol. The younger, Harper, fell to the ministering care of old Grandma Elling, a pillar of the church, Minnie being too distracted by the exigencies of making a living for the family and guiding the intellectual growth of her firstborn. The freethinker turns out an honest and decent man; the son trained in "Christian" principles goes to hell in his own sweet way. A talented and sincere author might readily have made a work of enduring value of this threadbare theme. Tiffany Thayer has undoubtedly made a bestseller of it; which is presumably exactly what he intended.

For at his best, the author is a fairly accurate, though none-too-inspired, reporter. He has been about and seen things, yet his vision remains strangely astigmatic. Leaving the elder Knott boy in France at war for principles he cannot accept, he cleaves to young Harper, following him about the country as a trouping actor, setting down with a lickerish passion for medical detail the precipitous course of his disintegration by way of fornication, venereal disease, drug-addiction, tuberculosis, and crime. Two-thirds of the novel constitute outright pornography of a description that places it far below the obvious literary merits of "Fanny Hill." Words, scenes, and innuendoes reach print that even the most zealous defender of literary freedom will regret, lest possible action against this book bring about further interference with the true artist's right to utilize the materials of life. With Mr. Rex Stout, Mr. Thayer shares the unenviable distinction of being one of the foremost practitioners of a new sort of sex-novel—a novel that constitutes a consummate fraud, insofar as it handles all things with the pretensions of the impartial scholar of sex-life, sedulously sidesteps authentic analysis of motive and emotion, and leaves the reader with the impression that he has witnessed a particularly dull peepshow.

GUARDIAN ANGEL AND OTHER STORIES. By MARGERY LATIMER. Smith & Haas. 1932. $2.

Miss Latimer's stories bear the stamp of an original though circumscribed talent. In this, the last volume written before her death, she is at her best in an exposition of feminine adolescence: its terrors, its joys, its hesitancies. The title story, though extremely overwritten for so slight a theme (it runs 131 pages) handles with skill the situation so familiar to teachers, parents, or others concerned with the guidance of youth: the impassioned devotion of an unformed girl to an older woman. Miss Latimer gives the story a new twist in the person of Fleta Bain, the elder woman—a woman more thoroughly intolerable (to a male reader, at least) will not be encountered for another generation.

All the author's stories require little scope in which to work themselves out, concerned as they are with evanescent moods rather than action, with momentary passions rather than the construction of situation through character. Her characters, in fact are fully-fledged when the reader encounters them and she makes no attempt at "development." At moments this becomes somewhat disconcerting, for what may be clear in the author's mind generally takes some time to form in the reader's.

A YOUNG MAN OF FIFTY. By ROSE FELD. Dutton. 1932. $2.50.

There is little to recommend this vastly overdrawn portrait of a case of arrested development, though it might have made an amusing short story. After Miss Feld has established the character of Christopher Redding and put him through a few of his paces the reader is more apt to be bored than amused by his subsequent antics. A rare book dealer of wealth and almost effeminate taste, Christopher at fifty was still stuffed with the poetry and watery romance of his youth. He should have lived in the eighteenth century (Miss Feld's characterization is excellent); he hungered for adventure and preferred it in the form of—to put it plainly—playing the sucker. He sought out young or middle-aged ladies in distress and "helped" them, asking no more, to put it in his own words, than that his affection and tenderness and care be accepted "without qualms and without fears." He was as harmless as a swallow, as gullible as a child, as spineless as a jelly-fish. For all of two hundred and fifty pages he continues to be harmless, affectionate, tender, gullible, and spineless, and more than a bit boring. What is intended as a "light, satirical comedy" becomes a heavy-handed and obvious travesty.

BENONI AND ROSA. By KNUT HAMSUN. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

This is a reissue in one volume of two novels of Knut Hamsun, first published in 1907 and '08 and first translated in 1926 and '27. The subject matter and the people in the two are the same and the second novel complements the first; it is a commentary in the first person on the characters and events of the first. These two novels stand midway between the early work of Hamsun with their lonely poets, tortured by pride and strange desires, and his later more mature novels like the "Growth of the Soil" wherein the theme has broadened to include the peasant and his complicated traditions and

(*Continued on next page*)

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You are hearing a lot about **"The March of Democracy"** by **James Truslow Adams** these days. **Allan Nevins** says a "better, fairer, clearer popular introduction to our history is nowhere available" and "that hundreds of well-chosen and unhackneyed illustrations make it delightful merely to look through." Text and illustrations bound in an harmonious whole for a mere $3.50—

And there is much conversation about **Ernest Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon,"** the book about bullfighting—with frequent digressions—that F. P. A., Lewis Gannett, Fanny Butcher and dozens of others proclaim the best thing Hemingway has done, not to mention the 84 remarkable photographs which Mr. Ben Ray Redman in your favorite lit'ry publication called "admirably chosen, wisely grouped, and captioned with as much wit as expert knowledge," and all of which, including Mr. Hemingway's amazing conversations with a Highly Unusual Old Lady, reduces the exchequer by $3.50—

But let a still small voice advise you—there is a new book out by **Holbrook Jackson** called **"The Fear of Books"** that will start the real aged-in-the-wood, deckle-edged, imperial octavo book lovers dancing in the streets. It is about Poisonous Books, Books Condemned to Death, The Use of Books as Aphrodisiacs, the hapless tribe of Henpecked Bookmen and other curious subjects. There are just 1000 copies extant in this wide land and there won't be any more. Yours will cost you—now—$7.50—

Furthermore, there is just ready, in one handsome volume, Mr. Jackson's earlier two-volume opus "The Anatomy of Bibliomania" which set the critics burbling with praise. It is unabridged, has 855 pages, assays 1000 per cent pure literary gold and is going for $7.50.

All these are Scribner books and your bookstore sells them.

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brilliant new novel of a beauty whose genius kept her out of Eden . . .

EAST of EDEN

$2.50 Doubleday, Doran

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

culture. Hamsun has here (in "Benoni & Rosa") created the little northern village to which he was going to turn again and again in later years, but there still lies over it a haze of poetic fantasy that makes the people seem a little unreal, and gives the reader the charm of a brightly lit stage in the midst of darkness. It is a curious and aloof pageant of the cruelties, mistakes, and villainies of life in which nothing seems to matter very much against the balances of eternity.

The theme is the now familiar one of the genial vagabond, the stout peasant lad, suddenly made rich through accident; his petty virtues as a peasant become petty vices in his new position: his vanity, his thriftiness, his shrewdness, burgeon into overwhelming conceit, boastfulness, and suspicion that make him an easy prey for the rascally trader of the village. Yet Hamsun has an affection for this child of nature, chance favors him, and he wins the parson's daughter and becomes a great man in the village.

In the second volume, a young student comes on the scene, falls in love with Rosa, the parson's daughter, and comments on the various people of the village: on the wicked trader who seduces his servant girls and cheats his partner, on the bored Baroness who worships Pan by a lonely pool, on the old pensioner who refuses to die, on a score of characters lightly sketched in whom the reader has already met. But his own feelings engross him most of all; almost he seems to be moving through the figments of a dream.

Hamsun in this book is still the poet without much sympathy for the world about him; his satisfaction in it is mainly esthetic, but it is an understandable world that he shows us—not that kaleidoscopic glimpse into a poet's soul that he has given us in "Pan" or "Mysteries."

ROLLING STONE. By *Westmoreland Gray.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE TROUBLE GRABBER. By *Frank C. Robertson.* Washburn. $2.

CAUGHT IN THE WILD. By *Robert Ames Bennet.* Washburn. $2.

THE SCANDAL MONGER. By *Emile Gauvreau.* Macaulay. $2.

STAR'S ROAD. By *Lloyd Stern.* Vanguard. $2.

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT. By *Norma Patterson.* Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

GEORGE GERSHWIN'S SONG-BOOK. Illustrated by ALAJALOV. Simon & Schuster. 1932. $5.

This selection of some of Gershwin's best songs was sumptuously brought out on September 26th, George Gershwin's birthday. The book has been three years in the making. The words are in clear italic, the score re-engraved and printed on book paper, the piano arrangements those Gershwin uses himself. A valuable appendix is a complete list of the published works of Gershwin and of all the phonograph and piano recordings available when the book was made up. Alajalov's illustrations are superb both in their color and humor. Gershwin is here presented in permanent form. His show music is so well known as to need no comment. It is a bright phenomenon of our epoch.

Brief Mention

Stop, Look and Listen, by David Hinshaw and W. E. Albig (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is a general study of the American railroad industry, its present condition and probable future. * * * Charles Gray Shaw, through the American Book Company ($5), is publishing *The Surge and Thunder,* "the story of the long journey man has taken since the beginning of the Solar System," a popular history of culture. * * * The distinguished scientist, Frederick Soddy, whose book, *The Interpretation of Radium,* has been standard since its publication twenty years ago, has reworked the material of that book with reference to the great increase in scientific knowledge, and publishes *The Interpretation of the Atom* (Putnam, $5), a book intended primarily for the general reader. * * * Another book for readers interested in expert opinion is the symposium called *Facing the Facts: An Economic Diagnosis,* by twelve professors of economics in Princeton, headed by the distinguished financial authority, E. W. Kemmerer (Putnam, $3). * * * The later career as an agent and intriguer for the Confederacy of John Slidell, famous in the Trent affair, is the subject of *John Slidell and the Confederates in Paris* (1862-65), by Beckels Willson (Minton, Balch, $3.50). * * * *The Discovery of the Ancient World,* by Harry E. Burton (Harvard University Press, $1.50), is a brief but very informing survey of what the ancients discovered and how they published their discoveries. It brings together bibliographical material hard to assemble.

The Bookshop Window

By KATHERINE ULRICH

OUR Aunt Jerusha's admonitions have been robbed of their sting! Helen Sewell, that clever artist, did it with two good colors and her fresh, charming drawings. She chose twenty-eight, age-proof sayings, those most akin to childhood, and spread them across the pages of her merry picture book, *Words to the Wise, a Book of Proverbs for Boys and Girls* (Dodd, Mead, $1.25). We see how "Pride goeth before a fall" or "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Quite a feat to make smug morals both lively and simple! In most instances she is delightfully successful.

On the other hand if its is "Why?" your child is always saying—phenomena of wisdom are one thing, phenomena of science quite another, but it might be easier to turn him happily over to W. Maxwell Reed. Mr. Reed is the author of those two excellent books, *The World for Sam* and *The Stars for Sam,* and now, of one for younger children, *And that's why . . .* (Harcourt, Brace, $1.25) wherein he tells the six-to-ten years older the why of clouds and fog, of thunder storms, and the spark on your finger when feet shuffle over a carpet, why oil is down in the ground, and how sounds travel—many puzzling matters which grown-ups take for granted.

The Story of Money, by Mary Duncan Carter (Farrar & Rinehart, $1.25), is dedicated to the little boy whose questions inspired the book. The noted political economist, Professor Stephen Leacock, contributes a preface which heartily endorses this intelligent and simplified explanation of what money is, what it is for, how and why we came to need it and make use of it. Mrs. Carter wisely talks in terms of nickles, dimes, and paper money, bats, roller skates, and allowances whenever possible. Now that money is in the foreground of so many conversations, this commonsense little book should be a welcome eye-opener to growing heads. The story of any thing so old and used as money is bound to be of interest; to know that a standard of value changes to suit various times and needs may help young persons to relegate money to its proper place.

How It All Began, by Janet Smalley (Morrow, $2), a giddy picture book interpretation of how came light, heat, clothes, ships, and such like largish subjects, is exactly the type of book we dislike. So shallow a presentation as this robs facts of their zest and results only in bored confusion for readers of any age. Mrs. Smalley is gaily likable when she remains in a more everyday field, as in "Rice to Rice Pudding." But her quick, bold drawing relies largely on humorous movement and color for effect and is ill suited to a "these are the huts . . . these are the cliff dwellers" kind of text. Hendrik Van Loon's inimitable and cunning pen, however, can ably drive home an idea or vivify a point as in *The Story of Mankind* and the recent *Van Loon's Geography* (Simon & Schuster, $3.75). Both books are intended for old children, true, but their author is likewise a brilliant illustrator who with ample reason does, dramatically and successfully, caricature facts. We know of few others who should be permitted this freedom.

There are two new geographies for young children, *Berta* and *Elmer Hader's Picture Book of the States* (Harper, $3) and *Picture Map Geography of the World,* by Vernon Quinn, with pictures by Paul Spener Johst (Stokes, $2.50). The text of the "World Geography" is pleasantly informal and straightforward, not textbooky, nor is it intended to be; the maps "give visual information," to quote the jacket, and are black and white line drawings set off by blue water. The Haders' book is far more elaborate, sixty-four pages of crowded facts, pictorial maps (small to-scale maps too), resplendent with color. The maps fairly burst with activity. We marvel at the Haders' ability and ingenuity in picturing their states so fulsomely. But why, we regretfully ask, is there not one old fashioned map of the entire country? We like to see things also in their relation to the whole. Furthermore, we agree with that excellent magazine, the *Horn Book* published by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, which says, in speaking of the Quinn Geography ". . . it is hoped that this kind of geography will not be over done. It seems as if children themselves could make this informal kind of map and gain more by so doing."

Mr. Benét's readers who follow his signed and anonymous contributions to the Saturday Review, will welcome

RIP TIDE

A Novel in Verse

by

"I find RIP TIDE extremely easy to read. . . . It is very much alive." —*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

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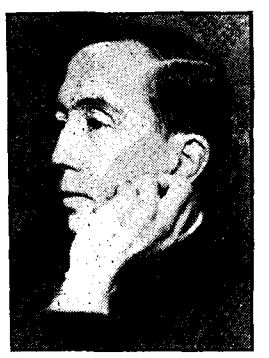
"This is high poetry. Here is the calm of the sure artist, certain of his touch. . . . But beyond the artist is the discerning mind . . . which has gone down beneath and behind its material to a deep understanding of subterranean forces, intellectual and emotional."—*Percy Hutchison, N. Y. Times.*



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WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"A story of poignant beauty that analyzes the richest and deepest human emotions, told in genuine poetry. . . Many will feel that the Pulitzer prize will fall again on a member of the Benét family."—John Clair Minot, Boston Herald.

"Dramatic and moving as a story, and as poetry a most lovely thing." —*Katharine Brush.*

"Holds you so, at first reading, that you do not observe all the subtleties of rhyme, rhythm and pattern."—*Katherine Garrison Chapin.*

DUFFIELD & GREEN

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

K. L., Bend, Oregon, asks for books on contemporary European writers, and for suggestions for a play by some Continental dramatist, to be read aloud by a group to whom the parts are previously assigned. "The European Caravan," edited by Samuel Putnam (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), is an unusual and unusually valuable compilation of selections from prose writers of the moment, men and women of the advance guard, spokesmen and banner-bearers of literary movements. If one's preoccupations are literary rather than social or economic, this is the book for a bird'seye view of what is going on. F. W. Chandler's "Modern Continental Playwrights" (Harper) will give a student excellent guideposts for further reading: as a work of reference it will be taken continually from the bookshelf. For the dance, in which this reader is especially interested, two recent books are of special interest; Walter Hyden's "Pavlowa" (Little, Brown), by her musical director for the greater part of her career, "Flight of the Swan" (Dutton), A. Olivéroff's study of Pavlova, and the charming "Theatre Street," by Karasavina (Dutton), surely the most ingratiating book a dancer ever wrote; it has a section on the training of the ballet and on its devotees in the audience, that is beyond price.

ANNA PAVLOVA
From "Flight of the Swan."

For plays, I would center on The Carolina Playmakers, three volumes of whose admirable folk dramas have been published by Hoit, with plenty of information about the work of Dr. Koch and his disciples and about the conditions from which the plays arose, enough indeed to make a reader anxious to try anything they may do. As there is of course DuBose Heyward's "Porgy" and the peerless "Green Pastures," the drama department should not languish for want of material. Mr. Heyward comes into the program again as poet; his latest volume is "Jasbo Brown and Selected Poems" (Farrar & Rinehart); the last letter I received from Amy Lowell put him forward as one of a very few younger poets bound to take place in our front rank, and Miss Lowell was one of our most clear-eyed critics.

The most striking instance I know of opinion pro and con on a Southern social state took place in 1928, when Maristan Chapman's "Happy Mountain" and T. S. Stribling's "Bright Metal" dealt with about the same conditions from diametrically opposite viewpoints. To Mrs. Chapman it was roses, roses all the way; Mr. Stribling wrote like a tax-payer. A program of this sort might make the audience squirm; it could have, for instance, Isa Glenn's mordant "Southern Charm" (Knopf) and Mathilde Eiker's disdainful dismissal of the pre-war-heroine type in "The Lady of Stainless Raiment" (Doubleday, Doran). It would be forced to suffer the blood-letting of William F. Fitzgerald, whose "Gentlemen All"—now in seventy-five cents format—and "The Old Crowd" (Longmans, Green) are nothing if not drastic. It would have to stand up against William Faulkner. North Carolina labor conditions would be under fire in Mary Heaton Vorse's "Strike" (Liveright) and "Call Home the Heart" (Longmans, Green), which everyone now knows was written by Olive Tilford Dargan. But the committee can point to the list of authors with which these suggestions begin, call attention to the proportion it bears to the whole number of American writers of importance, and ask on which side their evidence weighs.

From personal experience I advise the choice of Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think So" (Dutton) as the play to be read aloud. I have seen it quite take possession some years ago of a group of play readers, men and women, who knew nothing of Pirandello beforehand and were thus unhypnotized by his reputation. They took it as a grand good play, and read it with gusto; they sat in a shallow circle in a firelit room with reading light only on their books, and it was a remarkable experience for them and for the small invited audience—whose chief duty was to efface itself.

But of course if you want a sure-fire play to read aloud, leave the Continent and take Lennox Robinson's "The White-Headed Boy." It never fails to please. The finest book I have read from Germany this year is Kurt Heuser's "The Journey Inward" (Dutton) and I earnestly recommend it to this inquirer. It is a deeply significant study of Africa. Anyone interested in foreign literature should keep track of the admirable quarterly *Books Abroad*, published by the University of Oklahoma. In the April issue twenty pages are devoted to reviews of new French books, twenty-three to German books, with similar sections for Spanish and Italian; all reviews are written in English and on an average there are three or four to a page.

In this connection a letter just received from T. W. Huntington, Anacapri (if you send him an International Postal Reply Coupon he will answer your questions on Italian literature direct), will be of interest to those who, like P. W., Jamestown, wish to subscribe to literary journals in foreign languages. This advice is on Italian periodicals:

One should unquestionably open the list with a journal far more than locally-Italian in scope: *L'Italia Letteraria*—so ably edited by Signor Angioletti. As editor, critic, and novelist, Angioletti himself ranks among the leaders of Italian contemporary thought. This, like *Les Nouvelles Litteraires* is a weekly in newspaper format, probably on sale in most places wherever foreign newspapers are sold. Another weekly less pretentious in scope, but containing well-written articles and criticisms, is *Il Marzocco* of Florence.

Coming to the monthly journals: first, because of its wide scope and popular character must certainly be placed *Italia che Scrive*, which under the personal editorship of Sr. Formiggini of Rome for more than a decade has provided Italy with an invaluable critical survey of the more important new Italian books. This is a publication indispensable to those who desire to keep informed concerning current literary output. Ranking with *Italia che Scrive*—more erudite in character, but far less wide in scope, are *Leonardo* and *La Nuova Italia*—both monthly periodicals of high character. *Pegaso* must also be mentioned, for this periodical is under the able editorship of Ugo Ojetti, conspicuous among the Italian critics of both literature and art.

The latest accession to Italian bibliographical tools is *La Scheda Cumulativa Italiana*—which will be a welcome addition to the librarian and the individual reader wishing the most complete information available concerning new Italian books. This periodical is designed along precisely the same lines as the already well-known Wilsons' "Cumulative Book Index"; now for the first time Italy possesses a monthly index giving it not only the authors but also the titles of books and the subjects, arranged in one alphabetical sequence in the same manner as in the Wilson Cumulative Book Index. This work should prove indispensable to the many individual American readers such as "P. W. Jamestown, New York" who report to me the difficulty they experience in obtaining latest information concerning Italian books. In this new bibliographical publication, all the novels (for example) of the year to date are grouped together—likewise all the plays; and the list includes reprints as well as new publications. H. W. Wilson Co. is American agent.

INTERVIEWS WITH FAMOUS AUTHORS about their New Books

Love Really Triumphant

By A. E. W. MASON

No. 3 of a series of statements by the authors of some of this Fall's leading books—now at all bookstores. DOUBLEDAY DORAN

In writing THE THREE GENTLEMEN, I had four objects: To express my belief that we have lived before and carry into each new character what we learned in the earlier lives. Thus discipline and the passion for his country which Attilius Scaurus learned in Roman Britain are the chief qualities of Elizabethan Anthony and modern Adrian. . . . To reproduce in the three lives a nation's as well as an individual's continuity. . . . To point certain resemblances between the Roman era when it had begun to go down hill and our own. A danger signal—no more. . . . To write a story of love really triumphant.

A. E. W. Mason

The Fiction of Negligent Husbands

By MATHILDE EIKER

In BRIEF SEDUCTION OF EVA, I wanted to write a very light satire on the current idea in fiction that when a husband has become matrimonially lacking in enthusiasm, all the wife need to do is to buy some new clothes and flirt with the nearest eligible male to bring the husband, and all nearby males, to her feet

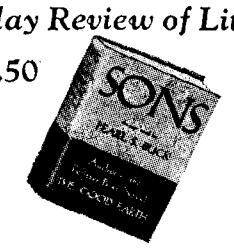
In real life, most waning spouses would welcome some sign of interest in the other partner that would afford an opportunity for cessation without scenes and reproaches; and the subject selected for such purposive flirtation often do not encourage the amorous lady, but cherish some resentment at being thrust into a most embarrassing predicament, not in accordance with their inclinations nor their engagements.

No. 4 of a series of statements by the authors of some of this Fall's leading books—now at all bookstores. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Mathilde Eiker

a book to own – and to give

SONS, the third of PEARL S. BUCK'S novels, and her second major work, has at once achieved a critical and popular success. DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER says, "If anyone doubted that the author of THE GOOD EARTH was an artist, his doubt will vanish when he reads **SONS**"... **SONS** is already the national best seller. Within ten days of publication it had run into three printings totaling more than 91,000 copies. Those who have read THE GOOD EARTH will agree with *The Saturday Review of Literature* that "**SONS** is more powerful." $2.50



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a mammal having a flexible proboscis serving as a prehensile organ

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MYTHOLOGY AND THE RENAISSANCE TRADITION IN ENGLISH POETRY

By Douglas Bush, Professor of English, University of Minnesota

The metamorphosis of classic myth in the hands of English poets, from the naive pre-Elizabethans to the sophisticated travesty-writers of Restoration years, is the theme of this book. The author, whose scholarship is enhanced by a style both lively and witty, traces the many mutations of classical tales through the poetry of Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Milton, and a host of minor poets and translators.

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Conducted by
CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Mr. Keats Takes Pen

TWO hitherto unpublished letters of John Keats, now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, are printed in the October number of *Within the Compass of a Print Shop,* issued at intervals by Holman's Print Shop of 5A Park Street, Boston. The editors admit that the inclusion of these letters in the *Compass,* a periodical of invariably high entertainment, charm, and worth, necessitated a somewhat broader swing of that implement than of wont, but the end well justifies the means, and technical literalness is certainly achieved by supplementing the letters with reproductions of silhouettes of Leigh Hunt and Keats made by *Mrs. Hunt, and also of silhouettes of* George and Georgianna Keats of which

GEORGE AND GEORGIANNA HEATS

the originals, owned by their granddaughter, Mrs. Samuel A. Hartwell, bear this inscription on the back: "Cut with scissors by Master Hubbard, without Drawing or Machinery, at the Gallery of Cuttings and Panharmonicon Concert Rooms"—that is, in Philadelphia.

The new letters are addressed respectively to Charles Cowden Clarke and to George Keats, the first inferentially in October, 1815, and the second in November, 1819. The second is too long to quote here, and the pleasure will be foregone as well on behalf of Holman's Print Shop and the collector, who can write for a copy of *Within the Compass* and thus possess himself of an authentic first edition of John Keats. But the first we reprint below.

George Keats, it will be recalled, was the brother who gave "Junkets" an intimate link with America by emigrating to Louisville in a day when Kentucky colonels had not yet begun to spring out of the blue grass. The letter printed in the *Compass,* the fifth and last to cross the Atlantic from John to George, is no more pleasant reading than any other recital of fiscal worries.

> Our affairs are in an awkward state. You have done as much as a man can do: I am not as yet fortunate. I should, in duty, endeavor to write you a Letter with a comfortable nonchalance, but how can I do so when you are in so perplexing a situation, and I not able to help you out of it. The distance between us is so great, the Posts so uncertain. We must hope. I am affaid (*sic*) you are no more than myself form'd for a gainer of money.

The history of the letter is as interesting as its contents. According to the appended *note:* "This letter was as unlucky as it was different. Through no fault of its own it was always late. In the first place, according to the endorsements upon its cover, it was three months in reaching this continent (at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard), perhaps because of a shipwreck. When it finally reached Louisville, George, to whom it was bringing important news, had just returned, or was on his way back, from England. He had crossed the ocean, hopeless of any other means of learning the facts this tardy letter contained. He so had full knowledge of the family's financial troubles and the letter was useless."

The first letter follows:

> Wednesday, Octr. 9th
>
> My dear Sir,
>
> The busy time has just gone by, and I can now devote any time you may mention to the pleasure of seeing Mr. Hunt—'twill be an Era in my existence. I am anxious too to see the Author of the Sonnet to the Sun, for it is no mean gratification to become acquainted with Men who in their admiration of Poetry do not jumble together Shakspeare and Darwin. I have coppied [*sic*] out a sheet or two of Verses which I composed some time ago, and find best so much to blame in them that the worst part will go into the fire—those to G. Mathew I will suffer to meet the eye of Mr. H. notwithstanding that the Muse is so frequently mentioned. I here sinned in the face of Heaven even while remembering what, I think, Horace says, "never presume to make a God appear but for an Action worthy of a God. From a few Words of yours when last I saw you, I have no doubt but that you have something in your Portfolio which I should by rights see. I will put you in Mind of it. Although the Borough is a beastly place in dirt, turnings and windings; yet No 8 Dean Street is not difficult to find; and if you would run the Gauntlet over London Bridge, take the first turning to the left and then the first to the right and moreover Knock at my door which is nearly opposite a Meeting, you would do one a Charity which as St. Paul saith is the father of all the Virtues. At all events let me hear from you soon—I say at all events not excepting the Gout in your fingers.
>
> Your's Sincerely
> John Keats.

LEIGH HUNT

American Prints

AMERICAN HISTORICAL PRINTS, Early Views of American Cities, etc., from the Phelps Stokes and other Collections. By I. N. Phelps Stokes and D. C. Haskell. New York: New York Public Library. 1932. $25.

THE Phelps Stokes Collection of American historical prints, views of American cities, etc, consisting of some 600 items—paintings, water-colors, drawings, engravings, and lithographs — forms, with the Lennox, Eno, Spencer, and Emmett Collections, all in the New York Public Library, a very notable assemblage of such material. The Phelps Stokes Collection was begun about twenty years ago, in an endeavor to get together pictorial material illustrative of the history of about two hundred cities in the Western Hemisphere, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, Greenland, and Iceland. The collector is well known for his monumental work, based on his own collection, on the "Iconography of Manhattan Island."

The present volume, cataloguing items from the various collections in the Library, includes many hundred entries. These entries give the titles of the objects, together with amply descriptive notes in most cases. Following the main text pages are some sixty pages of Historical Notes, and indexes of artists and engravers and of subjects. Mr. Stokes furnishes an introduction, dealing with collecting of historical prints in general, and the various public and private collections in the United States and Canada.

This catalogue is in many ways a notable work. In the first place it records the major items in the possession of the New York Public Library. Several pages preceding the text are devoted to a summary of the more important items; it is hardly feasible to give any list here, but the interested reader will be grateful for some thread through the labyrinth of the catalogue. The list of rare and interesting numbers is no short one. In the second place, this book is a notable example of sane, solid, and satisfactory printing. If it lacks a little something which would make it sparkle—say a more lively titlepage—it is so sound a piece of craftsmanship that one can be grateful for the restraint shown in design. It is set in several sizes of linotype Caslon, admirably spaced and leaded. I do not care for the fanciful signs employed to show line divisions in titles of prints—the customary diagonal or horizontal line might have been better—but otherwise there are no eccentricities in the book. The presswork is excellent. The reproductions, of which there are 119 plates, each of one or more subjects have been printed, I judge, by the offset process. In the case of pictures, the process is probably as satisfactory as could be expected: the maps, of course, are far less agreeable, but it is well-nigh impossible satisfactorily to *reproduce* a map by any medium. The book has been printed and bound at the printing-office of the New York Public Library. The Library is to be congratulated on producing so sound and well-made a volume.

R.

The Chicago Book & Art Auctions, Inc., inaugurated its third season on October 4th and 5th with the sale of selections from the library of a Chicago collector. The Americana collection of Edward F. Mason is scheduled for dispersal on October 18th and 19th and the literary estate of the late Henry B. Fuller for November 15th and 16th.

A hitherto unpublished letter by Thomas Jefferson, dealing with his interest in mathematics, appears in the first issue of *Scripta Mathematica,* a quarterly journal to be published by the Yeshiva College of New York, which makes its first appearance this month. The journal, which is the first in this country to deal with the philosophy, history, and exposition of mathematics, will be edited by Professor Jekuthiel Ginsburg of Yeshiva College and Columbia University. Other members of the editorial board include Professors Raymond Clare Archibald of Brown University, Louis Charles Karpinski of the University of Michigan, and Cassius Jackson Keyser of Columbia University.

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. . . We always enjoy the epigrams of L. Miller, shoe merchant on 5th Avenue. The other day he described some feminine slippers as A Monkish Severity—and a Very Unecclesiastical Charm. The phrase is delightfully appropriate for Don Marquis's weekly noumena in this Review. . . .

Mr. Marquis will discuss Melodious Damned Nonsense which passes for Poetry

in THE SATURDAY REVIEW

of October 22

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to th ebook world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

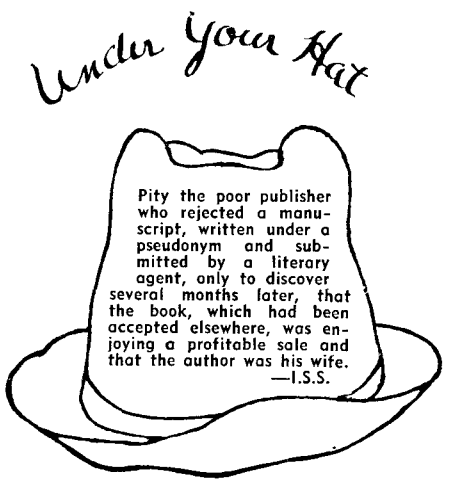
THE responses to the invitation of this department have been most gratifying, and, indeed, there is only one point that we wish to emphasize. What we desire from any contributor is a series of *fairly brief* paragraphs. We cannot, in the nature of things, print long articles on state activities; we can, at best, but excerpt from them, using the most interesting items. And, due to the limitations of our space, the editing this department is forced to undergo is drastic.

We are in receipt, from several contributors, of certain periodicals which we hereby acknowledge. *Adèle Masson* sends us from Carmel, California, two issues of *The Carmelite*, referring particularly to literary Carmel, past and present. *Mrs. E. W. Cosgrove* of Muskogee, Oklahoma, sends us the catalogue of the Southwest Press. We have also received *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, and book-pages of *The Milwaukee Journal* and *Wisconsin State Journal*, as well as the *Chicago Tribune*. And from the Library of the First Wisconsin National Bank we have received many clippings anent the recent sad death of that talented authoress, *Margery Latimer*, the late wife of *Jean Toomer*, and of the activities of *Zona Gale* (Mrs. Breese). While we are glad to receive periodicals and clippings, we should far rather have the contributor incorporate in his or her contribution, of a series of *brief paragraphs*, such important information as may be selected from them; though what is most important to us is the first-hand gathering of information, anecdote, etc. Finally, contributors who do not immediately find their work included are cordially invited to continue sending in items and are assured that, though some material must necessarily be discarded, up-to-date information, individually written and pithily presented, will always gain a hearing.

CALIFORNIA

Claire Sawdon tells of this miracle that came to light in—of all places!—Hollywood:—

Dropping into the Satyr Bookshop on Vine Street, as well known to the famous writers and movie stars of the cinema capital as its much publicized neighbor, "The Brown Derby," I found *Orson Durand* still enjoying the afterglow of a bookseller's thrill such as comes but once in a lifetime. Called upon a few days previous to take over some books whose owner had them stored in a garage, one of the few true first editions of "Two Years before the Mast," by *Richard Henry Dana, Jr.*, was discovered and occasioned the aforementioned thrill. It seems this edition was issued in one black and two varieties of gray bindings, the latter exceedingly rare. Of these the gray binding having 105 titles on the back was the most valuable, with a listed valuation of from $600 to $1,000. The book was originally published anonymously in 1840 and issued in Harper's "Family Library." Needless to say, the garage discard classified as the more rare of the gray bindings with an immediate Cinderella transition to a coveted position of rank. Who says there is no romance in the buying and selling of books? Incidentally, Mr. Durand also advised that the screen celebrities continue to show a preference for biographies, memoirs, and animal travel narratives.


Under Your Hat
Pity the poor publisher who rejected a manuscript, written under a pseudonym and submitted by a literary agent, only to discover several months later, that the book, which had been accepted elsewhere, was enjoying a profitable sale and that the author was his wife.
—I.S.S.

MISSISSIPPI

Virginia O'Leary has been sleuthing people closely down in Jackson, to ascertain just what they are reading. Her findings seem to us of some significance:—

Young girls, jogging home from work on the street car, have quite an appetite for the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Cosmopolitan*. They read steadfastly on through clangings and bumpings. The men, swinging on to the strap with one hand, clutch *Liberty* or *Collier's* in the other; I counted six the other evening, all devouring the short, short story page. The *Confession Magazines* are conspicuously absent from the trolleys; maybe they are saved for private consumption, in bed, with a bag of caramels conveniently near!

On the benches at City Park, whiling away the noon hour with books, I observed recently a mild old man, not in the least Bolshevistic looking, engrossed in "New Russia's Primer"; a pretty girl with "Benefits Received" open in her lap, and "A Modern Hero" by her side—evidently she was a member of a rental library; a high school boy deep in "Anna Karenina," and a romantic looking youth enjoying "Messer Marco Polo."

NEBRASKA

We are indebted to *Dan Lyons, Jr.* for the following from Nebraska. He says he cannot agree with *Helen Genevra Masters* that "the doings and thinkings of Omaha high school teachers constitute what is really going on in Nebraska." He writes from Gothenburg:—

Professor L. C. Wimberly, who was suspended for one semester by the University of Nebraska for chaperoning a wet undergraduate party, has been improving his time by writing short stories. One of the best of them, "Love Affair," a tale of the South, appeared in the July issue of the *American Mercury*. Professor Wimberly is editor of *Prairie Schooner*, the regional magazine published in Lincoln.

A real folk character of the Great Plains has been uncovered and preserved for posterity, or at least for students of American mythology, by *Paul Robert Beath*. Mr. Beath found *Febold Feboldson*, the pioneer Swede, cavorting through the columns of small town newspapers in Western Nebraska. These tales of Febold he has consolidated into two more or less homogeneous stories which have been published in the winter issue of *Prairie Schooner* and in the Sunday magazine of the Omaha *World-Herald*. The latter was very cleverly illustrated by *Kathleen Spencer*, the *Herald* cartoonist.

WASHINGTON

A contributor who prefers to remain anonymous sends us this news from the far Northwest:—

Members of the Seattle Free Lance Club, local authors' organization, were guests of the chamber of commerce recently—and *Frank Richardson Pierce*, prominent action-story writer, told that Northwest authors sold a million and a half words annually to magazines of national circulation, and that eighty percent of this wordage dealt with "the Northwest and vicinity."

B. A. Botkin, editor of the University of Oklahoma's regional annual, *Folk-Say*, and *Russell Blankenship*, author of "American Literature: an Expression of the National Mind," had a good time discussing literature and the scholastic life at the home of *Nard Jones* during Botkin's recent visit to Seattle and other points West.

Carl Wilson, diminutive chain book shop magnate, is opening another bookstore and has despatched *Mary Woodbridge* to take charge. Recently *Wilson* left Seattle for San Francisco where *Mrs. Wilson* is in the hospital with an illness which is not serious but requires patience.

Joel Erickson, of Lowman and Hanford's, intimates that the type of author he likes best these days is the author who does not have a book issuing from the press. He approves the idea of fewer and better books.

WYOMING

The following paragraphs are contributed by *John E. Underwood* of Du Bois. Literary news, he writes, accumulates slowly in Wyoming, but the summer has seen certain prominent literary figures within the boundaries of the state:—

Newspapers of Jackson, in Jackson Hole, have made news, as usual, of the presence there at their summer home, the Three Rivers Ranch, of *Struthers Burt* and *Katherine Newlin Burt*. They receive frequent mention in the "Personals" of the Jackson papers. Also in Jackson Hole for several days in July was *Miss Mildred Leo Clemens*, cousin of *Mark Twain*, lecturer, writer, and traveler. Miss Clemens was gathering material while in Wyoming for a lecture tour this fall.

Ernest Hemingway spent the summer at the L Bar T Ranch, near Cody, and is at present out on a big-game hunting trip. He is a member of the Sheridan County Sportsmen's Association, which has for its aims the preservation and propagation of game and fish.

Graceful and witty essays which disclose the fallacy of describing the 18th Century as "The Age of Reason."

THE HEAVENLY CITY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PHILOSOPHERS

By CARL L. BECKER

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

YALE'S posy is "Lux et Veritas." Yale's gift to America in Shakespeare scholarship is "The Yale Shakespeare," by Tucker Bro He states that verses in First Folio sign "T. M." are by "James Mabbe." If P fessor Brook will prove that, I shall ha more respect for other items in his opus. George Frisbee.

RED FLANNELS: Next year sure. Write again. Love. Sally.

LITERARY conflagration burns young librarian's inners. Would review books if anyone asked her. Right able, to be sure, and personable, if it mattered. Amazingly unexpectant regarding remunerations. Je. Ws., c/o *Saturday Review*.

WANTED as boarder in Bronxville: nice crusty bachelor who lives to himself, and who adores comfort in economy. Sunny room, bath, sleeping-porch, garage. We're awfully nice: just hard hit. Science, care *Saturday Review*.

WORK WANTED—Writing, compiling, editing, indexing, reviewing, manuscript reading, advertising, blurbing, or what have you? Experienced, c/o *Saturday Review*.

BOOKMEN! Where did you get your experience? Are none of you willing to give *position to conscientious lady with book experience?* Interested in modern firsts; anxious to learn old and rare; can typewrite. Biblo, c/o *Saturday Review*.

COMPANION AND NURSE desires position. References from doctors and Yale professors families; salary moderate. Willing to travel. C. A. N., care *Saturday Review*.

CHARLOTTE GLACEE—Why were you so cold? Raised my hat and made all courteous gestures but you sped on toward the egress. Will wait at Information Stand as usual.—GRAND CENTRAL.

TAURUS PERSON, born under an Earthy Sign, glad to hear from other Tauri. Now passing through Scorpio, rather anxious. Is it true that Taurians are hard to get along with? Oh well, very likely.—Address TRIPLICITY.

MORNING GLORY—I see you climbing up that string. In the back yard, third gaffer from the left.—HERMIT CRAB.

THINKER *with time on his hands* would welcome suggestions for long Indian Summer afternoon. Nothing sinister.—Address c/o *Saturday Review*.

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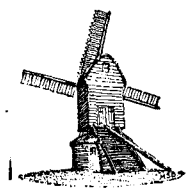

"Know Old Cambridge? Hope you do.—
Born there? Don't say so! I was too.
(Born in a house with a gambrel roof,—
Standing still, if you must have proof,—
'Gambrel'?—'Gambrel'?—Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg,—
First great angle above the hoof,—
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.)"

These singularly bad lines from a book[1] which has nevertheless always been one of our favorites are good architecture, according to Mr. Martin S. Briggs. "Old Cambridge," we need hardly say, is situated for our purposes not in England but in Massachusetts, and Mr. Briggs quotes these lines in his unusual book *The Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers in England and America,* 1620-1685, which the Oxford University Press[2] has just published.

It is not merely unusual—it is unique. We found it really exciting, for it is based on one of those original theories and observations which seem so obvious it is hard to believe no one ever presented them before. Yet Mr. Briggs is the first writer to show—and to prove by 96 illustrations drawn from America and England—that the characteristic clap-board construction of New England was not due, as has been glibly repeated, to limitations of material. He has actually traced the sources of the New England construction to the parts of England from which the Pilgrims came, especially Essex, and not—as another popular notion would have it—the North of England. He compares and illustrates in detail the beautiful timber cottages, houses, water-mills, and windmills built during the 17th century in southeastern England and New England, revealing a remarkable kinship. Parallel examples are illustrated from Dedham, Essex, and Dedham, Massachusetts; from Toppesfield, Essex, and from Topsfield, Massachusetts; from Wethersfield, Essex, and from Wethersfield, Connecticut; and so on.

To us one of the most interesting parallels is not drawn from New England, but is the subject of a special Appendix on "The Influence of Essex on early Brickwork in America." This is most extensive, of course, in Virginia; and in St. Luke's Church, Isle of Wight County, (known familiarly in Virginia as the Old Brick Church), which has just celebrated the 300th anniversary of its construction in 1632, Mr. Briggs finds America's one authentic Gothic building. Brick churches in the Gothic style, with brick tracery, occur only in Essex; and after a long search Mr. Briggs was rewarded by finding the evident counterpart of the Virginia church in Woodham Walter Church in Essex. And he finds that Captain John Smith had stayed for some time in that part of England!

Speaking of that worthy voyager reminds us of Mr. Wesley Frank Craven's *The Dissolution of the Virginia Company*[3], which is an important new chapter in colonial history, testing in the light of established facts the popular political interpretation of the fall of the original Virginia Company of Queen Elizabeth's day.

THE OXONIAN.

OUR BOOK OF THE MONTH: *The Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers in England and America,* 1620-1685. By Martin S. Briggs. $4.75.

(1) Oliver Wendell Holmes: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* In the *World's Classics.* 80c. (2) 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (3) $3.00.

The PHŒNIX NEST

AT 441 Lexington Avenue the French Book Club, Inc., this month celebrates its first anniversary. Two prize-winners and a succession of other notable books were among the monthly selections of the Club this past year. The December 1931 choice, *Schlumburger's* "Saint Saturnin," won the Prix Northcliffe, and for January they presented the famous Goncourt Prize novel, "Mal d'Amour," by *Jean Fayard.* They also gave their members the latest *Morand* travel book, *Mauriac's* successful novel of last spring, and an interesting novelty called "Les Fioretti de Jeanne d'Arc," by Anatole France's biographer, *J. J. Brousson.* A board of editors composed of *Comtesse de Chambrun, Abbé Dimnet, André Maurois,* and *Firmin Roz* personally select the books from proofs and manuscripts, so that members receive their copies at the same time as the books appear in Paris. . . .

Christopher Morley, Jr., has been working in the Junior Books Department of Doubleday's until high school opened this month—making displays and posters. Two of his prime favorite titles were "Lardy the Great," by *Reed Fulton,* and "Ola," the *d'Aulaires* picture book of Norway, published October 5th. *Junior* recommends this last to anyone of a lesser age (he is fifteen, near sixteen) who still thinks cod-liver oil is "delicious"—the adjective is the author's. Young Morley particularly enjoyed matting the handpulled proofs for that book and mounting printer's proofs. . . .

Donald S. Friede, vice-president of Covici, Friede, has returned to New York after a year's vacation abroad, most of which time was spent in the island of Majorca—one publisher among a hundred writers! Though we had no idea so many writers had gone Balearic. Well, from the Balearic back to the Ballyhoo, as one might say! . . .

The following story has enchanted us. It occurs in *Arthur J. Burks's* story of his adventures as a lieutenant of Marines in Santo Domingo, in "Land of Checkerboard Families," which Coward-McCann brought out a week ago. It deals with *Alfonso Bustamente,* a secret service operator under Burks, and *Tadeo Alvarez,* a Federal general. The former arrived at the latter's place where a party was in full swing.

> Louder and louder Alfonso called for Tadeo Alvarez. Tadeo heard his name called and came in to see what was going on. "What's the row?" he asked. "I am Alfonso Bustamente," said Alfonso himself, "and I've come to assassinate you!" Tadeo swayed a little and grinned at Alfonso. "That's all right," he said, "if I'm going to be assassinated I'd like it to happen when I'm happy. Have a drink?" Alfonso said he didn't mind if he did have one, since he thought it a good idea for any assassin and the man he had been sent to kill, to drink together before the fatal shot was fired. I filled their glasses with excellent champagne. Alfonso and Tadeo lifted their glasses to each other. "I'm going to bust the glass," said Alfonso, "and then I'm going to shoot you in the head." Tadeo nodded gravely and said that would be all right with him. Then Alfonso and Tadeo drained their glasses and smashed them on the floor. Alfonso swayed a little. Tadeo swayed a little. Alfonso drew both his pistols. Tadeo folded his arms across his breast and looked at Alfonso. Alfonso leveled his weapons. He hiccoughed a little, then whirled his pistols in his hands, put the butts of them in Tadeo's hands and said: "I cannot assassinate a man who has such good liquor!" Then Alfonso became unconscious and fell on the floor in front of Tadeo Alvarez.

In "The Elegant Woman" (Harcourt, Brace), the author, *Gertrude Aretz,* quotes *Pierre Lievre's* "Reproaches to a Lady Who has Cut her Hair." He says in part:

> I pity the men who no longer know what it means to see a beautiful head lying on the pillow amid a wealth of loosened hair . . . Why should one envy a man nowadays who is taking home a lady with a shaved neck?
>
> Oh well, oh well! . . .

We have noted that *Oggie Nash* seems to be the poet laureate of Al Smith's *New Outlook.* The pages of the first number are considerably enlivened by Oggie's japes. We congratulate friend *Al Smith* on entering the ranks of us editors. And maybe he can explain to us the force of the big campaign launched by Lucky Strike (the *New Outlook* carries a big back-cover ad) with the slogan "Nature *in the Raw* is seldom *Mild.*" They've adorned it with a lot of spirited pictures all of which point to a life more interesting than a mild one. In fact they've begun to make us think that we much prefer life In The Raw. Raw! Raw! Nice tigers and Indians! Has Al been Mild? Who would want a President, for instance, who was Mild? Water is Mild—but then we forget—we're on the Wagon. . . . Not permanently! . . .

On November second, Harper & Brothers will publish the two volumes of the "Personal Memoirs of *Joffre,* Field Marshal of the French Army." *Colonel T. Bentley Mott* has made the English translation. Joffre stipulated that the book could not be published until after his death and that no word of the manuscript could be changed. . . .

Harriet Gaylord's "Pompilia and Her Poet," the introduction to the Brownings, goes into a third edition this month under the imprint of Modern Classics. Since Brentano's publishing house no longer has an educational department, it became necessary to turn the book over to a firm having both trade and educational sales service. The preface to the revised edition acknowledges new material furnished by *Lilian Whiting,* author of "The Brownings—Their Life and Art," and a personal friend of their son; and by General *Sir Edward Altham, K. C. B.,* the son of *Elizabeth Barrett Browning's* sister Henrietta. . . .

The tenth anniversary number of *Foreign Affairs* was published on September twenty-sixth. *Foreign Affairs* is one of the principal enterprises of the Council on Foreign Relations at 45 East 65th Street, this city. . . .

Louis Bromfield, it seems, gave *Ruth Blodgett* the inspiration to write "Home is the Sailor," a novel of New England life which Harcourt published last summer. One day when Bromfield was talking to a group about his own book, "Early Autumn," Miss Blodgett asked him, "Why don't you write a book about New England that shows its more vigorous, less decadent side?" "Why don't you?" replied Bromfield. And Miss Blodgett set out to do just that—to recapture the almost Rabelaisian humor and world-awareness which, in spite of all critics to the contrary, do still exist in New England. . . .

Noble A. Cathcart, esteemed publisher of this *Review,* is now the proud father of a very recent daughter. The Phœnician hereby tenders the warmest felicitations to her parents.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

SITTING BULL

By Stanley Vestal

"A splendid biography, rich in historical detail."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Amazing adventures, ferocious fighting, complete authenticity, and a really great character! The author took no material at second hand but lived with the Indians and made notes as the old men talked over bygone days. Illus., $4.00.

BIOGRAPHY AND THE HUMAN HEART

By Gamaliel Bradford

Brilliant studies of Longfellow, Whitman, Charlotte Cushman, William Morris Hunt, and Walpole, together with two essays on the art of biography. Illus., $3.50.

WILLIAM PENN

By Bonamy Dobree

The curious, complex and contradictory character of William Penn is made wholly clear for the first time in a book that brings to life both the man and his period. Illus., $4.00.

IORANA

A Tahitian Journal

By Robert Gibbings

The paradise of the South Pacific as it really is. With forty-two striking woodcuts by the author, a famous English artist. $2.50.

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